CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 112,000.

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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

Here's the old apple tree, where in boyhood I sported,
When my heart was as light as the blossoms it bore;
Where my old maiden aunt by the parson was courted,
In her prim cap and gown such as ladies then wore.

On this rude oaken bench, 'neath bending boughs seated,
While the wild bee was humming its song in the tree,
There, we children oft-times by our elders were treated
To share with their gossip, some cakes and weak tea.

Look! here are the names of the many now sleeping,
Of dear parents and kindred long gone to the tomb!
The old apple tree like a true friend is heaping
The cool oak bench they sat on with beauty and bloom.

In the glad days of spring, when the spirit rejoices,
When the old apple tree looks as gay as a bride,
I could dream that I heard every one of the voices,
Of the friends who sat here on the bench by my side.

Every rudely carved name has a story to tell me—
And that true lover's knot, I remember it well;
It was carved on the day when my first grief befell me,
The day of my parting from sweet Isabel.

Oh! the old apple tree, where in boyhood I sported,
And the rude oaken bench, they are still in their place;
But the dear household faces whose welcome I courted,
They have vanished and left me the last in the race.

—[H. Coyle in Vick's Magazine.

THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND.

Oh, why should the world seem strange,
With its beauty around me still?
And why should the slope of my swarded path
Seem suddenly all uphill?

I had gone, with a buoyant step,
So cheerily on my way;
How could I believe so calm a light
Could turn to so chill a gray?

And wherefore? Because the hand
That held in its clasp my own—
Whose touch was a benediction such
As only the blest have known—

Was caught by the viewless hand
Of an angel, and upward drawn,
What hope, what comfort, what guidance now,
Since the stay of my life is gone?

"But a stronger is left to thee,"
Some comforting whisper saith—
"The arm that shall carry thee safe to him
When thou crossest the tides of death."

If Christ in His mortal hour
Had need of the chosen three
To watch with Him through the awful throes
Of His dread Gethsemane,

Oh, surely His human heart
Will pity and understand
That speechless yearning, too deep for words,
For the touch of the vanished hand!"

—[Margaret J. Preston in Harper's Bazar.

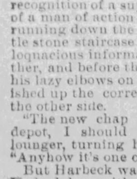
CHILD'S PLAY.

The business of the world is child's play mere;
Too many, ah! the children playing here;
Their pleasures and their woe, their loss and gain,
Alike mean nothing, and alike are vain—
As children's, who, to pass the time away,
Build up their booths, and buy and sell in play;
But homeward hungering must at eve repair,
And standing leave their booths with all their ware;
So the world's children, when their night is come,
With empty satchels turn them sadly home.

Renounce the world that thou its lord may be;

Become a servant to be truly free,
O arrow, yield thee to thy monarch's bow,
That whither He would send thee thou may'st go.
O camel, kneel, and freely take thy load;
And freely bear it, needing not the goad.
For thy Beloved be a light-toned flute,
That to His slightest breath is never mute
In the mine hide not, when God seeks for thee,
Rude ore, that stamped, His money thou may'st be.
—[Richard Chenevix Trench, "Eastern Moralities."

Our Story Teller.



GLORIOUS afternoon in early autumn was drawing to its close.

The flame colored sky, whose hues had been borrowed from the setting sun, showed out in bold relief the narrow, irregular openings and projecting roofs of the quaint old city of Chester, and although it was nearly six o'clock when a horseman who had dismounted in the stable yard of the principal inn emerged therefrom and ran up the steps into the nearest "row," he considered that enough light still lingered to enable him to accomplish the purpose for which he had come.

"I suppose I ought to have been here a couple of hours ago," he said to himself; "but, after all, I can come again if I don't feel quite sure about it, I have nothing else to do, and as a matter of fact I suppose it will end in my riding into Chester four or five days a week until the hunting begins. What a jolly old town it is! I have seen nothing like it anywhere. So English, and yet so—queer. This long tunnel of an archway, with the names of the shopkeepers running across, dodging one below the other so craftily that you can't go far wrong in your bearings anywhere. Hullo! though, I don't know about that. I believe I am wrong already. Whereabouts am I?" stopping to consider.

Hewas at the end of one row and at the beginning of another which turned of at a sharp angle from it; moreover, in front of him were various turnings and windings, three streets met down below.

"I believe I—I shall have to ask" said Colonel Philip Harbeck, pulling his long mustache and looking this way and that. He had a man's horror of asking his way, and had it not been that time was precious would have preferred even now finding it out for himself.

It was as well that he did not attempt doing so. He had actually taken a few paces in a wrong direction when prudence called a halt, and a bystander who was lounging idly near was surprised by an interrogation which showed that the tall, soldierly looking inquirer was very far gone in ignorance of his surroundings.

"Watergate row, sir? Right opposite you; down these steps and up those ones. That is Watergate street down below. The rows are above and the streets are below, and"——

"Thank ye, thank ye," with the curt recognition of a superior and the brevity of a man of action Colonel Harbeck was running down the crooked and worn little stone staircase by his side ere his loquacious informant could proceed further, and before the latter had replaced his lazy elbows on the parapet had vanished up the corresponding opening on the other side.

"The new chap in command at the depot, I should say," concluded the lounger, turning himself round again. "Anyhow it's one of them."

But Harbeck was not "one of them." He had done with being "in command." He had had enough of soldiering, enough of barrack life, enough of knocking about the world, and being possessed of a good fortune, good health, plenty of friends and abundance of energy had come home to make the most of the remainder of his life.

At five-and-forty a man may still hope for many years of vigorous existence, and Philip Harbeck was just five-and-forty, in spite of his steel gray hair and the lines across his brow. Nay, he looked none the older for these; they merely served to give distinction and seriousness to his face; while the ruddy freshness of his cheeks and the clearness of his eye gave it youth.

Harbeck had bought a small estate in the neighborhood of Chester, and he was now vastly busy and happy furnishing afresh the comfortable house which was to be henceforth his home.

"Needs a lot of things yet," he cogitated, as he bustled along with all the satisfaction of an active mind backed by a well-filled purse. "I am only just getting things into order. I must be on the lookout for all sorts of things. Chairs, for instance. One can't have too many chairs. I have about enough settees," thoughtfully scanning an imposing old oak settee, which at the moment came into view, standing on the flagged pavement of the row. "Still, I don't know. That looks a good one," coming to a full stop. "I must not put off time asking about it now, though," suddenly, "I had better secure the cupboard first. And, by Jove! I shan't see much of the carving, as it is, these little dens are so dark inside, now that the light is going. Now for it," turning into one of the "little dens" as he spoke, and addressing the proprietor, who, obviously on the lookout, now sidled respectfully backward, a look of joy and relief upon his careworn countenance.

"Oh, this is it, is it?" said Colonel Harbeck, following with his eye the directing finger which pointed to a tall, ancient looking corner cupboard of dark oak, which stood in a conspicuous position near the door. "This is the cupboard? Oh," pulling his mustache in his usual fashion when considering a point. "Looks a fairish one. In decent condition, is it? Back sound? Open it, will you? Yes-es, yes-es," slowly and dubiously. "H-I-rather like it. It might do. What do you ask for it?" The crucial question coming, like the important part of a lady's letter, in the postscript of the sentence.

Not that it really mattered to Harbeck. He was in his soul delighted, enchanted. At the first glance he had perceived that the cupboard was the very thing of which he was in search, the very thing he required to fill a certain niche on a certain landing. In consequence he had much ado to hide boyish triumph and eagerness, while affecting the deliberation of the dubious and mature customer.

"Just open it, will you?" was, however, all he said after hearing the sum named. The sum was a good sum, but even if it had been considerably larger than it was he would not have demurred to it.

The little dealer's eyes twinkled. He threw open two sets of doors with avidity, showed the carved shelves within, and descanted on their finish and elegance. Then he tried a small drop handle in the centre, but this refused to open.

"Locked, is it?" said Harbeck, giving the brass drop a tug himself.

"Oh, no, sir, there's no lock—leastways the lock's been broken and useless these many, many years—no, it's only a bit stuck. I'll get a knife—or a chisel," and the old shopkeeper began to rummage in the background. "I'd have gone through before you came," he ran on, "but it has not been in the shop an hour, and we were busy among the rooms up stairs," rummaging away as he spoke.

At this moment another customer entered. "Never mind this," said Colonel Harbeck, aside. "Attend to him," indicating the newcomer; "I can wait till he's gone," and well pleased, the speaker turned again to his cupboard.

More for something to do than with an idea of effecting any result he began again to try the stubborn drawer, which, strangely enough, almost instantly yielded to his efforts. Somehow or other he had taken it the right way.

It was not exactly a common drawer. We despair of describing its quaintness to any one who has not seen these fanciful old contrivances; suffice it to say that the outer rim, as it were, turned down upon a hinge, and disclosed a tiny, three cornered tray within. "Quite a secret treasure place," quoth Harbeck to himself. "And by Jove! somebody has hidden something in it too. A card, or something," drawing forth a square piece of pasteboard. "Oh, a photograph. Not romantic enough. Ought to have been a miniature. A photograph, eh? Let's see of whom."

The next moment the photograph had fallen from his hands.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. The dim old shop and all it contained seemed to reel before his eyes.

How he got out of it, what he said, what he did and what he paid for, Harbeck could never afterward recall.

He only knew what he had seen. What had he seen?

Eyes that had once looked upon him with love, fair curls that had once been stroked by his hands, lips that had been pressed to his! Could it be—could it possibly be that he had seen all these? Nay, he must have been dreaming. He had been deluded by a resemblance. Made a fool of by a fancy.

As soon as he was well away from the old vender's inquisitive glances, with confused and trembling fingers Colonel Harbeck stealthily felt for the card which he had secreted, and drawing near to another window pane set out with various odds and ends of curiosities, such as might be presumed to have tempted inspection, guiltily drew it forth.

He had not been mistaken. It was the face of his lost love he held within his hands. It was the girl from whom he had parted fifteen long years before who now confronted his devouring gaze.

It was his little Betty. Then there came a gulp in the strong man's throat. His little Betty had once been all the world to him.

He had gotten over it, as most people do. There had been a passionate scene; an overstrained ideal of filial duty on the one hand, and impetuous demand upon the other; proud, bitter words on both sides, then a slam of the door and a chapter in two lives closed forever.

"But that is so long ago," said Phillip Harbeck to himself, after he had thought and thought the whole circumstance over. "Fifteen years is such an age that I really think I was nothing but an old jackass to be so startled to-day." He was sitting in his easy chair after dinner.

"Of course," he mused, "it was rather an odd thing to happen, that I should be poking into a strange piece of furniture and poke out the picture of my old flame, Betty Drew. She must have come to these parts, too." Suddenly the speaker roused up. "That cupboard must have belonged to her. Jove, what a fool I was not to think of that before! I must go to-morrow and ask the old man. I never thought of that," ruminating. "If Betty is alive she is sure to come about here. Well, I'll have a look at Betty anyhow, and we may patch up a peace and live as neighbors for the remainder of our days. Oh, I can look Betty in the face. She was as much to blame as I. I shan't hang my head before her, and," considering, "if she is a married woman and a mother she need not point to me as 'Poor Philip' either. I am no 'Poor Philip,' Miss Betty—or Mrs. Betty—whatever you are," puffing away at a good cigar and crossing his toes on the luxurious fender. "I am very well content as I am, thank you. Although I don't say—mind you, I don't say," slowly "that if I had come across you now, you minx, just as you were then"—cocking his head on one side with an air of solemn shrewdness that might have edified an oracle—"I don't say," proceeded the speaker in abominable good humor, "that you might not have been dangerous to me, miss—madam—whatever you are. As it is," puff went a long slow wreath wreath of smoke while the cigar glowed cheerily, "as it is, Betty, my dear, I can do very without you—very well indeed;" and the wretch had actually the impertinence to conclude with a smile of broad content which bore upon it the stamp of being genuine.

Now, did such a man deserve a Betty?

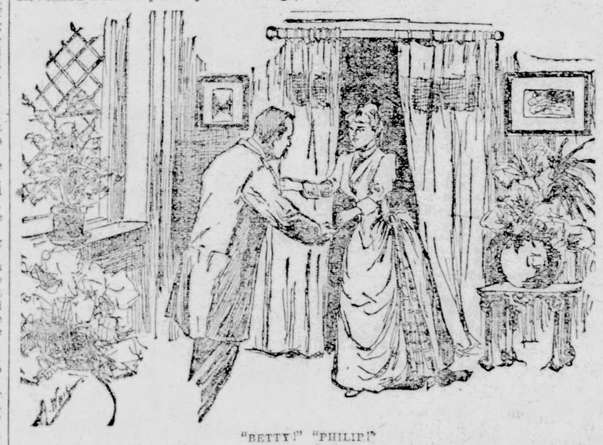
All the same, Harbeck decided to find out whether or not the Miss Drew whom he had known in earlier years were still Miss Drew, and all particulars about her. To this end he adjourned to the old curiosity shop in Watergate row the following afternoon, and it is notable that he was there earlier in the day by an hour or two than when keeping his appointment with the corner cupboard.

Here, however, an unexpected obstacle occurred; it was not etiquette in Watergate row to mention names in connection with the articles traded. In reply to the request of his new customer for information regarding the quarter whence the old cupboard had come the little vender hummed and hawed, rubbed his grimy hand along a rail, smirked, shook his head and delivered himself of the following:—"We never do tell, sir; it isn't liked. It is always understood that no questions will be asked. People don't like it being known that they are parting with their old things, sir—especially if they have come down a bit in the world, and it's a question of necessity, as one may say, sir."

"Do you mean to say it was a question of necessity with Miss Drew," exclaimed Harbeck, thrown off his guard. "Is she—is the family poor? Are they come down in the world?"

"Miss Drew, sir? Then you knew, sir?" It was now the oak dealer's turn to be taken by surprise. "Well, I suppose I need make no mystery about it," replied his customer after a moment's consideration. "I found out yesterday by something in the piece of furniture I bought from you—('the name cut, not a like,' concluded the shrewd—he observed—I found that it belonged, or had belonged, to a Miss Drew, whom I knew a great many years ago. I have been out of England ever since and have heard nothing of this lady, nor did I expect to hear anything in this part of the country, as she was not living any where near here when I knew her. So that I should be glad of any information you can give me. I—ah, hem!—I think I might renew my acquaintance if the family resides in the neighborhood."

The old shopkeeper jerked his thumb toward the door. "Round the corner, sir. In the square—Abbey square they call it—at the back of the cathedral. Second house from the end, on the north side. Old Mr. Drew, the grandfather, he's bedridden, but he has a heap of granddaughters of one kind and another, and there's one that lives with him regular. It was her as told me to come and pick off that cupboard. Says she, 'We have too much of this old stuff about, and it lumbers up the house.' But Lord, sir! that's what they all say. Poor things, it comes hard on them to own that they would be glad of a ten-pound note."



"BETTY!" "PHILIP!"

The last words sent Harbeck straight to Abbey square. There is something which appeals to all the hidden tenderness of a man's nature in the idea of the woman he has ever loved enduring poverty and striving to conceal it.

Hastily threading the narrow gabled streets until he reached the low archway toward which he had been directed when seeking further guidance, he turned in thither, and found himself in a quiet little peaceful retreat whose rows of windows, flush with the red brick walls, glowed in the autumnal sunlight.

"Queer sort of place for Betty," muttered the soldier, passing his hand across his brow, as there rose before his mind's eye the fairer surroundings which had been the meet setting for his jewel in former times. "The poor girl can't have much of her old spirit left in her if she can be content to breathe in this little pent up place. The houses look good enough, but when you think of Deerforth—well, well; one can't have everything, Betty, and though I'm sorry for you, old girl," and the speaker rang the bell of the house, whose step he had ascended while soliloquizing without finishing the sentence. He scarcely cared to carry out the tenor of his own thoughts.

He was in a cheerful, kindly, compassionate mood; also, he was a little excited; lastly, he was brimful of curiosity.

Five minutes later and all of this had died away. Harbeck had been shown into a forlorn looking apartment, dull at the best of times, and now fast losing the waning light that yet remained without. He had waited there but a minute when there had entered a young, slight figure, clad in mourning, and a girlish face, which was not the face of Betty Drew. Thence had ensued speedy apologies. All at once the intruder had come to perceive that there might be some need of apology. A mistake had been committed. He had heard that Miss Drew lived in the square, and this house had been pointed out to him. At this point he had been helped out of his dilemma by the quiet faced young mistress of the house. She was Miss Drew, and she did live there.

He had hoped she would pardon him. It might be some relations of hers whom he had known, and had come to call upon on his return to England. Had she any relations in Dorsetshire?

Numbers. Miss Drew almost smiled at the question. Oh, yes, nearly all her people lived in Dorsetshire. She had just lost an aunt there (with a glance at her black dress)—her Aunt Betty. Had he known her Aunt Betty?

Then Harbeck had suppressed a movement, and all the animation had died out of his countenance. He had bent his head; he muttered he knew not what.

Still he stayed some time in Abbey square. He did not feel inclined to move. This quiet girl with her sweet voice and pensive air of sympathy and interest suited him at the moment. He had experienced a shock, a thrill of sentiment, a touch of emotion, on learning for certain that his old love was lost to him forever.

Not that he was overpowered; far from it. He only felt a certain disinclination for inquiry or comment. He could not speak about the Betty he had known; he did not seem to wish to hear of any other Betty whom he had not known. Probably this girl, this neice, knew nothing of the real Betty—the bright, merry, willful creature who had made him hold his breath for a time and had shaken that breath well nigh out of him thereafter. Sitting still in the dim light, a vision of the Betty of fifteen years before made his eyes wistful and his accents soft, but the presence of another feminine form did not jar upon the moment. She was so passive, so unobtrusive. "Upon my word, this is a very nice Miss Drew—a very nice, pretty Miss Drew—I think I shall cultivate this Miss Drew," quoth the colonel to himself, as at last he rose and shook hands.

The next point was how the cultivation was to be accomplished. Harbeck was hesitating over it, when, with a blush of timidity betraying effort, the very words were spoken which opened the door to all.

"If you could—if you should—be here—in Chester—to-morrow—or—or next day," began Miss Eleanor Drew, and then came to a halt, as though terrified by her own boldness.

"I am in Chester every day, or nearly every day," responded Col. Harbeck promptly. "Yes?"

"If it would not trouble you—I mean grandpapa would be glad—he sees so few people—and I know he would like to see you—but I cannot wake him now, for he did not sleep as soon as usual to-day. If he knows that any one is coming he arranges to take his sleep sooner."

"I will come with the greatest pleasure," said Harbeck in heartiest accents. "May I come to-morrow?"

"Thank you. Do come to-morrow," earnestly.

"And—let me see—about 5 o'clock?"

"Oh, five o'clock will be just the very hour. But," murmured the young girl, relapsing into shyness. "If you could—if you would be so very kind as not to say I asked you—of course I should never have asked you if it had not been that we always try to get friends for grandpapa, it is such a treat for him. You don't mind, do you?"

It ended in his going away soothed and resigned to fate. Betty was gone; the flighty, foolish, madcap Betty who had captivated his youth was never more to be met for better, for worse; but mis maturer years might not have approved of that Betty and of those journal days.

If so, was it not as well that he should run no risks?

This niece seemed a nice girl. He thought he traced a look of the Drews about her, though she was paler and slimmer than the buxom belles of Dorsetshire had been. A nice girl, though. Gray eyes and sensitive mouth. Looked as though she could feel for a man. He wondered if he might not tell her one day about the old cupboard, and the photograph, and—and the whole story. It would be rather pleasant to do this; to snatch his opportunity and have a long, quiet, confidential talk, and see what Miss Eleanor thought of it all.

Her name was Eleanor. A pretty name and suited its owner. She could not have been "Betty." He would not have had her "Betty" for the world. Eleanor meant just the willowy figure, and the mourning, and the murmuring voice of the new young friend. Would she turn into a young friend? On the whole Harbeck thought she might.

Now, what would this simple, middle aged bachelor's face have looked like if he could have peeped into the room left behind and beheld the "young friend" at the moment, while he, riding homeward through the misty lanes, was indulging in such ruminations?

No sooner was the front door closed behind Eleanor Drew's visitor than Eleanor Drew underwent a swift and extraordinary transformation.

Three steps—not demure ones—took her to the drawing room window, whence she watched for the space of one entire minute the soldierly figure set forth across the square—but even in that brief interval a mask was cast aside. The bashful eyes, that could scarce lift themselves to Harbeck's, now open to their widest extent, were brimming with mischievous mirth; the folded hands, that had pensively toyed with a mourning handkerchief, were being rubbed together in boyishish glee; the drooping lips were red with color and parted in shrill laughter.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear; I have gone and done it! Oh, who would have ever dreamed I could have done it so well? Everything to have turned out to a nicety, and he coming to-morrow and the hour fixed and all! Oh, dear!—oh, dear! Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! Have I not always said that if a fly had a chance a fly could spin a web as well as a spider? I am the little, little fly, and Philip Harbeck is the great, big, burly spider, and I have woven my web, and Philip is—oh, dear, oh, dear, what if Philip should not be caught in it after all?"

Philip had a bad night. I should not like to meet Betty to-day, and wholly how many wakeful hours were due to partaking of an indigestible dish at dinner and how many to a certain amount of excitement consequent on the adventure of the afternoon.

He could not get the afternoon out of his head, nor, sooth to say, out of his dreams. He took out Betty's photograph and held it before him at intervals. Was there not a look of Eleanor in each brow, in the clustering curls? Was not Eleanor in all probability more like this Betty of old than the Betty of to-day would have been had there been such an one? He was almost glad to think that he should never see this other Betty.

And yet he was sorry. There had been some things about Betty that time could never have altered nor effaced. How well he remembered Betty's joyous laugh! Betty's mocking little ways! Betty's free tongue—and then Betty's tears! She was not a dependable Betty, not perhaps the woman one would choose at leisure for a wife—and yet! Yes, he was sorry Betty was gone, sorry that he should now never know into what kind of a Betty she had turned. Would Eleanor be able to tell him? Hardly. Women were seldom good hands at describing each other, and nieces could not reasonably be expected to do justice to aunts. He would like just to have seen Betty. He did not fancy Betty would have changed much, after all. And if Betty had not changed? With a little sign the solitary man turned his head upon the pillow and slipped the faded photograph beneath it.

Five o'clock saw Col. Harbeck, with military punctuality, stand upon the step of the red brick house in Abbey Square.

He had not to wait; he was shown at once up the narrow staircase into the formal front room, dimmer to-day than yesterday, both by reason of the day being cloudy, and also because Miss Eleanor Drew had, in order to shut out the somewhat dingy panes, drawn the muslin curtains within straight across them.

The dullness was nothing to Harbeck. Throughout the last 24 hours he had been living in bygone memories, which made him find enough interest in the old house and the inhabitants to throw everything else into the background. He was glad to be where he was again. He had made up his mind to open up the old ground; to put forthhis feelers and see what would be the result. He would talk about Betty——

The door opened and Betty entered.

* * * * * * *

"Good God!" exclaimed Harbeck, as soon as he could speak. "Who?—What?—Who, in heaven's name, are you?" in a hoarse whisper. "Betty!"—drawing near her—"Betty!"—trembling taking the hand held out. "But I—I thought," almost shrinking from the glowing features between him and the light. "I heard such a strange thing—here—on this very spot—only a day ago—only yesterday. I heard that you——" He could not finish the sentence.

And then he looked again, and saw that the woman who stood beside him had no lips for utterance either.

A pause.

An outcry.

"Betty!"

"Philip!"

Only one word from each; then heart to heart, all wrath forgotten, all wrong forgiven, love victorious, crowned at last.

* * * * * * *

"But, oh, my darling," said Philip, when at length speech was possible, and swimming eyes overflowed no longer, "tell me, if you can, how this great happiness has come to me at last? I am so bewildered—so unutterably dazed and stupefied. I find you out by a chance—that is to say, I find out that a Miss Drew lives here; see, this is what guided me," producing his treasure—he had come to look upon the pale photograph as his treasure—"and then I find a young lady"——

"My niece Eleanor."

"Oh, she is your niece, Eleanor!" It seemed to him as if the apparition of one fair one on the scene might not unreasonably have led to the vanishing of the other.

"Eleanor is John's child. John, you remember John?" said Betty, flushed and incoherent. "But what did Eleanor tell you? And why were you so frightened—yes, you were frightened; you were paralyzed by the sight of me?"

"You were frightened when you saw me, too, Betty. Betty my love—my own old love—what brought you here? And did you not know I was here? And how is it you are so little changed? You are not changed at all—not in the slightest. You are just my Betty that always was; and oh, Betty, dear, dear Betty, why did we ever part? We must never part again. We—oh, I am so happy," said poor Philip, fairly breaking down and forgetting all that he had ever boasted and protested in his vainglorious bacherlorhood. "I am so happy. I don't care how it came about, or anything else. I don't care for anything. I am—so—happy."

"But I said I was never to speak to you again," whispered Betty, laying down her head upon his shoulder.

A voice outside the door, the door half open, and remains ajar.

"Yes, Nanny, just bring up the lamp, and then you can bring in the tea tray afterward. Is Colonel Harbeck here?" said Miss Helen Drew, coming in. "By Jove! Another surprise!" muttered Harbeck to himself, for he was not so obtuse but he could see a mask had fallen. "Oh, I perceive," continued the young lady, advancing up the room and stopping still in front of the pair, who had shamefacedly arisen on her entrance. "Colonel Harbeck is very much here, I should say. Well, Colonel Harbeck, and you, my dear Aunt Betty, what have you to say to me, I wonder?"

"Something at least," said Harbeck, smiling, "you should have to say to me, Miss Eleanor. Did you not tell me your aunt was"—he paused.

"Dead?" said Eleanor, coolly, "No, sir; I told you nothing of the kind. I said my aunt Betty Drew was dead. It did not strike you that I might have two 'aunt Bettys,' and so"—

"Oh, Eleanor, that was"—

"Never you mind what it was, my dear auntie; it is exactly what you would have done in my place. Oh, you are full of tricks yet, as Col. Harbeck will find out fast enough. If you had chosen to call on Aunt Elizabeth 'Aunt Betty' for once, what would have hindered you? I saw nothing to hinder me. Uncle Will's wife was my Aunt Elizabeth. She died a month ago. Betty is the short for Elizabeth. *Voila tout!* I only hoped Col. Harbeck would have shown more fight. But he did not. He went down before the one shot and never invited another. He was really too easily caught. I have had very little credit out of him.

"Caught!" echoed Betty, with flaming cheeks. The living image of the Betty of old as she looked at this.

"Aye, caught," repeated the exultant schemer, nodding merrily. "Caught, but not by you, aunt. You might have gone on with your foolish tantrums to the end of time but for me. Now listen, good people both, and I will tell you all. Colonel Harbeck, don't you suppose I know what you found in the drawer of that old corner cupboard there? Don't you suppose I put it there? Sold the cupboard on purpose when I heard you had come to the neighborhood, and were rooting about among the old oak shops? That was my little trap, into which you straightway fell. Colonel Harbeck. Aunt Betty had told me all about you, you see, and I knew she was still hankering—oh, auntie, don't look like that, it is no use; you were hankering after him, and I don't blame you for it (with a charming glance over her shoulder)—but yet nothing could you do or say; so, thought I, I will just try if I can't pull the strings a little. He was here before I could draw a breath, if you'll believe it," turning to Betty this time. "I had no time to surprise him with you at once, as I had inteaded doing, so all I could think of was to try and find out myself how the land lay. I don't know how I did it," to Harbeck.

"Uncommonly well, I assure you," said he. "But still I don't see why I was told that Betty was dead."

"It was to stir you up a bit," replied Eleanor briskly. "Also to inform myself. I learned a lot by your start on hearing it. If you had not started, and not been so silent afterward, and not looked so absurdly out of the window and so pathetically at me, I don't know that I should have been so resolute with Aunt Betty here, that she should appear on this doorstep at 5 o'clock to-day, not a minute before or after. And now," added the warm hearted girl, gazing from one to the other with real tenderness in her beaming eyes, "and now you may abuse me if you like for my stratagem."

"It was a noble stratagem," cried Harbeck, with enthusiasm.

"It was bravely done," added Betty, with a kiss.

"It was just a poor little fly's web," said Eleanor modestly, "but I do think it caught rather a fine spider."

L. B. WALFORD.

THE END.

NOT AT ALL A GAG.

How a Woman Made Money by Getting Hysterical Fits in Depots.

"What the matter with the lady?" inquired a Pittsburg *Dispatch* reporter of a physician who was working with a woman at the Union depot yesterday. She was lying on one of the benches, and apparently had had a fainting spell.

"Oh, she has had a hysterical fit," he replied carelessly. "She is all right, and nobody need be worried about her. This woman may be all right, but I have my doubts about it.

"I had hard work trying to open her eyelids, and she evidently held them. It is an old gag, you know, of some women, to faint in public places, where they can excite sympathy and have a collection taken.

"I know of one who used to have hysterical spells with great regularity at hotels and depots. Invariably money was collected for her benefit, and she walked off with the stuff, only to faint away again in another public place.

"She always had a pathetic tale to tell, and it took the police a good while before they tumbled to her swindling game. It is an easy matter for a woman to become hysterical, and they can bring on the fit when they feel like it."

Revenge by Telegraph.

"I was once charged 25 cents too much by a hotel-keeper," said Dick Ferris, the comedian. "I argued a long time with him, not so much for the money as for my objection to being cheated. But the proprietor—he was a Columbus, O., man—refused to let go and so I paid the extortion. When I got to Wheeling, though, I stepped into a telegraph office and inquired the rate to Columbus. The operator said it was a quarter, whereupon I sent a telegram to the hotel man, saying:

"How about that 25 cents?"

"And marked the message 'collect.'"

—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

One of the Mysteries.

Maud—What do you think of Irene?

Laura—I detest her. And she hates me like poison.

"Then why do you and she always kiss when you meet?"

"Heaven only knows."—[Chicago Tribune.

It Came High.

Wooden—Do you know Mr. McAllister Highflyer?

Bulfinch—Well, yes.

Wooden—Don't you value his acquaintance very highly?

Bulfinch—Well, yes; I should think I might. It's cost me about $2,000.—[Boston Courier.

She Gave Him the Word.

"Go!" she exclaimed imperiously, pointing toward the door.

"I shall," he said abjectly," but, my dear Miss Fortetrete, this is no horserace.—[Detroit Free Press.

INGERSOLL ON POLITICS.

He Don't Believe Blaine Will be the Candidate Next Year.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll was at the Grand Pacific yesterday afternoon. He is journeying to New York from Helena where he has been arguing on the famous Davis will case before the Montana Supreme court. "I'm going to New York for change and rest," said Colonel Ingersoll, "but I may not get the latter. Some years ago Larry Jerome went to Long Branch for change and rest. I met him down on the beach, and he said that he was disappointed because the waiters had got his change and the landlord the rest."

Colonel Ingersoll was in the best of spirits yesterday, and after telling a few stories he began to talk politics. This was surprising, for he has disappointed interviewers lately by refusing to speak a word about politics.

"Who will be the Republican candidate for President?" he asked.

"Mr. Blaine," came from the reporters.

"I don't believe you," replied the colonel.

This was a thunderbolt, coming from Colonel Ingersoll. When Blaine was nominated in 1884, the nominating speech made by Colonel Ingersoll was said to be one of the greatest efforts of his life. He has always had a good word for Blaine, and only a few months ago he complimented the secretary of State very highly when asked by a reporter what Mr. Blaine's chances would be in 92.

"Blaine will not be nominated," continued the speaker.

"Because of his health?"

"He is not the strongest man in the Republican party. The coming campaign will be an exciting one, and the Republicans will want their best card."

"Who is stronger than Blaine?"

"There are a half dozen men in the Republican party who would make a better race than Blaine."

"Is McKinley one of your six?"

"He is the very man if he wins the coming election in Ohio. If he carries the Buckeye state with a good majority, he will be nominated by acclamation. Nothing can stop McKinley from being the biggest man in the Republican party if he is successful in the coming struggle."

"Could he be elected?"

"Easily. With McKinley as the standard-bearer I am not afraid of any of the so-called doubtful states. Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Indiana and others will give McKinley a large majority."

"If Secretary Blaine recovers his health will it be possible to stop the Blaine wave now sweeping the country?"

"I don't think he is very sick and I can't see the big waves. I have nothing against Mr. Blaine, nor do I pretend to know what will happen in politics a year or so hence, but I give you my honest convictions. Take them for what they are worth."—[Chicago Herald.

A LAWYER'S RUSE.

Instinct Made Him Suspect the Witness Was a Tool.

Jeremiah Mason, the celebrated lawyer, possessed to a marked degree the instinct for the weak point, says *Youth's Companion*.

He was once cross-examining a witness who had previously testified to having heard Mr. Mason's client make a certain statement on which the adversary's case was based.

Mr. Mason led the witness around to this statement, and again it was repeated verbatim.

Then, without warning, he walked to the stand, and pointing straight at the witness, said in his high, unimpassioned voice:

"Let's see that paper you've got in your waistcoat pocket."

Taken completely by surprise the witness mechanically took a paper from the pocket indicated and handed it to Mr. Mason.

The lawyer slowly read the exact words of the witness in regard to the statement, and called attention to the fact that they were in the handwriting of the lawyer on the case.

"Mr. Mason, how under the sun did you know that paper was there?" asked a brother lawyer.

"Well," replied Mr. Mason, "I thought he gave that part of his testimony more as if he'd heerd it, and I noticed every time he repeated it he put his hand to his waistcoat pocket and then let it fall again when he got through."

A BUTTERFLY'S BATH.

What a Naturalist Witnessed An Australian Insect Do.

It is commonly thought that a butterfly dreads water as a fine lady dreads rain; but evidently this is not true in Australia.

In case of an Australian butterfly deliberately entering the water to take a bath is recorded by M. G. Lyell, Jr., in the *Victoria Naturalist*. He saw it alight close to the water, into which it backed until the whole of the body and the lower part of the hind wings were submerged, the two forelegs alone retaining their hold of the dry land. After remaining in this position for something like half a minute it flew away, apparently refreshed.

Mr. Lyell says: "During the morning I noticed a number doing the same thing. In one instance no less than four were to be seen within a space of not more than three yards, and to make sure that I was not deceived I captured several as they rose from the water, and found in each case the body and lower edge of the hind wings quite wet. While in the water the fluttering of the wings, so noticeable at other times, was suspended, and so intent were the butterflies in the enjoyment of their cold bath that they could hardly move, even when actually touched by the net. Apparently the heat of the weather drove them down to the water, as immediately upon emerging they flew up again to the hillsides."

Butterflies are often seen apparently sucking in the moisture around the edge of pools; but they have never before been seen actually to enter the water.

ONE REALLY GOOD INDIAN.

A Dusky Worthy in Real Life Who Equals Any of Cooper's Heroes.

For many years John Sabattus, the last of the Norridgewock tribe of Indians, lived at Vassalboro. Here he spent the latter portion of his days, and acquired the title of the friend of the white men far and wide. He was a tall man, over six feet in height, and possessed of great strength and power of endurance. When General Arnold marched his army on his celebrated expedition northward through the woods of Maine, John Sabattus was his guide. The services he thus rendered are by no means slight.

When this expedition was over he made Vassalboro his home, and here is his grave to-day. No stone marks his resting place and it is only a few of the oldest people around that can identify the spot. Had some James Fennimore Cooper written of him as Cooper did of the "Last of the Mohicans," doubtless an imposing monument would have towered above his remains.—[Fairfield, Me. Journal.

A Young Minister Rebuked.

The young minister who preached at Port Dalhousie, in Canada, recently, learned something from the book of experience. An infant squalled, and the preacher commanded the mother to take the child from the sanctuary. She obeyed, but at the threshold turned upon him, saying: "Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' but you don't feel that way here." Then uprose the daughter of the woman from her seat in the choir, and this one began where the other left off, telling the young man in cutting words to mind his preaching, as her mother was able to mind her baby.

Her Fate.

Mrs. De Work—"I have trained my eldest daughter into a thorough housekeeper. There is nothing she does not know."

Miss De Flight—"What a nice, handy maiden-aunt she will make for your other daughters' children."—[New York Weekly.

A FORGOTTEN HERO.

A Federal Cavalry Charge as Grand as That of the "Six Hundred."

In the current number of the *New England Magazine* is an article on "The Battle at High Bridge," by Edward T. Bouve, which recalls one of the most gallant feats of arms done during the war. The actors were Col. Francis Washburn, ten other officers and sixty-seven troopers of the Fourth Massachusetts cavalry, supported by two weak regiments of infantry, not more than 600 bayonets in all, and Lee's army. In the pursuit of Lee, Col. Washburn's command had been sent to destroy a bridge at Farmville, which the Confederates were straining every nerve to reach. The supposition was that the bridge was undefended; but when Col. Washburn got there after a forced march he found that it had been covered by earth-works. Lee's army was close at hand, and Col. Washburn determined to do all in his power to hold it there or to detain it as long as possible. He knew that every moment he could delay it shortened the war. With his handful of cavalry he literally charged the head of Lee's army.

There were less than fourscore sabres behind him, but every man was a hero, and they dashed at Lee's vanguard with such speed and fierceness as to pierce the strong lines of infantry. That conflict became a fierce hand-to-hand struggle; pushed back by the impact of numbers, the Massachusetts troopers re-formed and charged again and again. Washburn was mortally wounded, and scarcely an officer or man escaped injury. His infantry supports were surrounded and captured. Yet the fight had not been fought in vain. Lee got the impression that Washburn must be simply the advance of a great force, and that the fury of his attack must have been inspired by the consciousness of powerful supports close at hand. Instead of pushing on, he halted and intrenched, and Ord's army, from which Osborn had been detached, came up, and Sheridan succeeded in engaging the Confederates at Sailor's Creek. Washburn had shortened the war. His fight was a Balaclava which no laureate has hymned, and of which his fellow countrymen never heard, but a Balaclava charge with a purpose which he accomplished at the cost of his own life.—[Boston Transcript.

AN UNKNOWN CITY.

Does It Exist, or is it a Mexican Indian Superstition?

Mysterious cities, hedged in by barbarian jealousy, and covered deep under the reserve of fear, lie in secure corners of the Old World, and hints are now and then heard that their counterparts may be found upon this side of the sea. The latest is located in Mexico, and has been described to a reporter of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

"During the frequent visits I have made to Mexico," said a mining engineer, "I have come in contact with many of the Indians resident there and have heard some very singular stories. One, which all the Indians unite in telling, is that far in the interior exists an enormous city, never yet visited by white men. It is described as peopled by a race similar to the ancient Aztecs, who are sun worshipers and offer human sacrifices to their deity.

"The race is said to be in a high state of civilization, and the Indians say that the

TOLEDO BLADE.

IN THIS VICINITY.

WAPAKANETA, July 20.—(Special.)—A very sad case of insanity is the one of Maggie Rochmsthoeck, a hired girl in a private family in this city. Saturday night she aroused the family by her cries, and a physician was sent for. To him she said that remarks made some weeks ago concerning her character, had been talked about among her friends, and that her lover had heard them. She denied them, and said since everybody believed her to be immoral she wanted to die. He gave her opiates which quieted her nerves, and left. Yesterday she grew violent and an inquest was held in the afternoon and she was declared insane. She will be taken to Toledo to-day. Her insanity is the result of weeks of worrying over the stories gossips have circulated about her. For days she has gradually been failing, and has only slept and eaten enough to sustain her. She is a German and unused to American gossip, or she would not have been so desperately affected by it. The girls who have ruined her mind suffer not a little and are overcome by remorse since they see the awful end their prattle has brought this unfortunate girl to, who is thousands of miles from her home and hopelessly insane. This town has a number of gossips who prey on the community. It also has "reformers," one of whom but a few days ago went to his preacher and made a misstatement about a strange girl who had come to this town to make an honest living by teaching music, and who had attended church a few times. The girl, whose character had been assailed, gave her case to a lawyer, who speedily secured references from her home, and the "reformer" who wanted to protect his church from some one he had attempted to degrade was put in a very uncomfortable position.

A BOLD BAD THIEF.

He Knocks Down a Man in Daylight but Gets into Jail.

SANDUSKY, O., July 21.—(Special.)—Just at dusk last night a touch by the name of George Robinson knocked down an employe of the Hydraulic Pressed brick works who had drawn two weeks' salary, and before assistance could reach the unfortunate man Robinson had gone through his victim's pockets and obtained all his money.

Subsequently Robinson was arrested, and is now in the city prison, but the police have as yet been unable to locate the man who had been assaulted and robbed. This is the boldest affair of the kind ever perpetrated in this city.

IL TANKS ABLAZE AT FINDLAY.

Disastrous Fire Resulting From the Carelessness of an Employe.

FINDLAY, O., July 18.—(Special.)—About 9 o'clock last evening M. L. Workman, an employe at the Puerless refinery, was walking on the top of a tank car, carrying a lantern. As he neared the dome of the tank the escaping gas ignited from the lantern and caused the dome to burst. Workman was thrown from the car and very painfully burned on the face, both arms and left leg.

The burning gas communicated the fire to the oil tank, and in a few minutes the whole tank was in flames, as was also another tank car near by. The fire department was called out, and after a hard fight succeeded in extinguishing the fire. The loss includes one tank of oil and part of another, as well as two cars, aggregating about $8,000.

THE TAX ON BANK STOCK.

A Findlay Man Claims He Should Not be Assessed for It.

FINDLAY, O., July 20.—(Special.)—A suit of much importance to holders of bank stock was begun here this morning by J. G. Hull, cashier of the Farmers' National bank, who seeks to enjoin the county treasurer from collecting taxes on 191 shares of stock which the cashier owns, on the ground that he has personal indebtedness in excess of the value of the stock, which should be deducted from his return to the assessor for taxation. The treasurer claims that bank stock is separate and distinct from what the law contemplates as personal property against which private indebtedness shall act as a credit.

THE REGULAR SUNDAY ROW.

A Fight Between Armenians and Americans at Findlay.

FINDLAY, O., July 20.—(Special.)—During a row last night between John Dummery, a saloonkeeper, and three Armenians, who were seeking admission to his place, George Gorgordian received a painful flesh wound from a revolver and Dummery was severely injured from a blow with a club. This morning Dummery was arrested charged with intent to kill.

THE BONES OF ENGLISH SOLDIERS.

Brass Buttons and Old Coins Found in a Fremont Excavation.

FREMONT, O., July 18.—(Special).—Yesterday afternoon while workmen were engaged excavating for the new school house corner Garrison and Main streets, a hole in the ground was found containing the remains of many British soldiers who took part in the battle of Fort Stephenson in 1812. A number of the uniforms were well preserved. Brass buttons and old coins were also found. The bones indicated that the men were over six feet in height.

Not Sold to the Northwestern.

FINDLAY, O., July 21.—(Special.)—The report has been current for a few days past that the Marion Oil and Gas company, the stock of which has been held by citizens of Findlay and vicinity, had sold out to the Northwestern Ohio Gas company, of which Charles Foster, secretary of the Treasury, is president. The report was started by reason of the fact that Mr. John W. Righter sold his remaining interest in the company, amounting to $18,000, to his partners. It is understood, however, that the Northwestern has asked the Marion company to put a price on the plant, but this has not yet been done.

Accidentally Killed His Mother.

HUDSON, Mich., July 21.—(Special.)—The thirteen-year-old son of Chauncey Douglass, three miles southwest of Waldron, Hillsdale county, on the old territorial road, took a gun yesterday to shoot some birds. He dropped in a little powder and didn't know that it was already loaded. He was not aware, either, that his mother was at work in an old shed near the house, and discharging the firearm at it, shot her dead. His efforts to recall her to life, when he discovered the result, were heartrending, and he has been crazed with grief.

Nearly Killed Dana.

FINDLAY, O., July 21.—George Dana, an employe of the Bradford Glycerine company was putting in a shot at a well near Cannonsburg for the Paragon Oil company last night when he met with a very painful accident. He had lowered one can, and was reeling up the cable, when the clamp broke, and the pieces flying into the derrick where Mr. Dana was at work, several of them struck him. His left cheek was cut open, and a very large gash was also cut on the right side of his neck. Mr. Dana was rendered unconscious for several hours. When he recovered consciousness he was brought back to the city, where Dr. Tritch sewed up the wounds.

After Sunday Saloonists.

FOSTORIA, O., July 21.—(Special.)—A. Leafgreen and William Soll, saloonkeepers, were each fined $25 and costs and sent to jail for ten days for keeping open last Sunday. Mayor Bever says he will not let up till every saloon in town is closed on Sunday.

A Viaduct on Wheels.

CANTON, O., July 18.—(Special.)—The wrought Iron Bridge company, of Canton, is the first company in the United States to send out a special train loaded exclusively with bridge iron. Next Tuesday a train of 27 cars, bearing 500 tons of iron, valued at $45,000, will be started from Canton to St. Louis. The material is to be used in the erection of a viaduct. The cars will be run on special time over the roads to St. Louis, and will run in day time only. The Diebold Safe company is sending a number of safes and vaults to Rio de Janerio, for the use of the Brazilian government.

Will Average Thirty Bushels Per Acre.

WAPAKONETA, July 16.—(Special.)—Considerable new wheat is coming into market, and up to to-day grain merchants have shipped out twenty-five car loads. The new crop is the best that has been produced in the county in five years. Many farmers report an average of thirty bushels, and the average throughout the county will be almost as good. For five or six years past it has been impossible to grade wheat raised here better than number 3, but this year's crop is up to number 2. The grain is generally plump and healthy, and scarcely a third of it shows any signs of being attacked by lice or is shrunken. The price is 80 cents.

Sued the Pennsylvania.

CANTON, O., July 20.—(Special.)—Walter Sefert has begun suit in Common Pleas court against the Pennsylvania company, operating the Fort Wayne railroad, claiming $20,000 damages for injuries sustained in a collision at Toledo Junction last January. Sefert was a fireman, and alleges that the accident was due to the negligence of the company.

It Resulted in Death.

WAPAKONETA, July 18.—(Special.)—A. W. McCally, who was so terribly injured in a threshing machine Thursday, died yesterday after a day of suffering. After the amputation of the limb he sank rapidly.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Makes Delicious Lemonade.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

PENSIONS FOR OHIO SOLDIERS.

Names of Men Who Nobly Fought Uncle Sam's Battles.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—(Special.)—The following pensions have been granted to Ohioans:

Original—John W. O'Reilly, Frederick Bergman, Thos. J. White, Moses West, Alex. Johnson, Adam Mitsel, Walter Caulfild, Thaddeus Hughes, Philip Adams, Joseph W. Ryerson, Wm. Lutes, Conrad Speidel, James Adams, Wm. S. Donohue, Wm. J. Early, Hamilton Sinkney, Samuel L. Goldsberry, Marcellus C. Smith, James P. Hoon, Curtis F. Lutz, Alfred Butler, Wm. Davis, Jonas Poffenbarger, David Stoner, Jos. M. Baker, John Bayley, Stephen R. Crabtree, J. Ott Richmond, Rose B. Shaffner, Benj. Diggins, Samuel M. Denny, Jacob Harris, Jacob Stambaugh, Albert Potter, John Custer, John Jacobuson, Ismel H. Groves, Clay Clark, John A. Bell, Wm. A. Knolls, Wm. A. Gowen, Jas. T. Glass, Joseph Wardell, Ezra Daugherty, John H. Resslar, John C. Arrington, William Clark, Isaac Yeley, Robert Ervist, Joseph H. Cain, William Davidson, Charles F. Bechtel, George Adams, Frank A. Cone, Charles A. Chaney, Henry Shoemaker, Thomas Goins, Jacob M. Rife, William Baldwin, McDon id Lottridge, Harvey Johnson, Bernhard Godden, John Keen, Jacob Adams, Thomas B. Brown, Joseph W. Bickford, David Mays, Alex. J. Leslie, Archelus Huett, Aaron Carter, Layman Ballinger, John Hubick, Wm. C. Gustin, James Heck, Squire P. Warner, James A. Starkey, Michael Reichl, Hugh Veach, Amos W. Cloman.

Additional—Marion Spigle, Reuben McSherer, Michael H. Brown, John Bowers, John Conklin, Almond Haigh, Daniel H. Burr, Lorenzo D. Henry, Emanuel Wurbst, Nathaniel Jones, Francis Beadle, Abraham Bare, John W. Steagall, Henry Williams, Elias Brewer, Charles H. Wilson, David Hay, Jeremiah H. West, Wm. L. Wright, Beas Francis Wood, John C. Clark, John E. Bates, Thomas R. Frisinger, David D. Williams, John H. Ellis, Edmund S. Amidon, Wm. Murphy, Isaac W. Speelman, Olin Brink, John G. Kissinger, Edward Lucas, Henry Bleeker, Alonzo Jolley, Wm. H. Latham, Josiah W. Hall, Andrew J. Sanford, Alfred Brown, Jefferson Davis, Wm. K. Dean, Samuel W. Ray, Samuel H. Zartman, John H. Kochenderfer, Albert D. Low, Isabella Bowlis, Thomas Hutchison, Peter Sprengenberger, Estep Lynn, Thos. Boston, Samuel J. Paxton, Hezekiah Lindsey, Andre Westfield, Jos. McKee, Wm. Piles.

Restoration and increase—Otho Fehleisan.
Renewal—Peter Davis.
Renewal and increase—Delos Farrell.
Increase—Willard D. Tyler, Martin Gouser, John Wilkins, Adderson Price, Wm. Folkerth.
Reissue—Philip Schwarz, Geo. W. Eubanks, Michael Curtis, Wm. M. Davis.
Reissue and increase—Christopher Pierce, Abdon Stark.

Original widows—Sarah Jane Stuart, Annie Ricley, Eliza Carter, Harriet Britner, Drucilla Goodrich, Mary E. Bowers, Mary A. Moore, Elizabeth McGullough, Felicia Bony, Rebecca Wood, Mary F. Looney, Sofa Boha, Nancy Wood.

Mexican widow—Harriet Wolss.

Original—Andrew W. Duty, Isaac Daniels, William M. Baughn, Nelson Wright, William D. Smith, Davis Johnson, Jeremiah Trick, George Goodwin, Otho Davis Foster, Christopher Heizeman, John Patterson, Levi Bixley, Abel B. Smith, Michael Dunn, Elias Mowrell, John Cooper, Noreiba Saunders, Lewis Ames, William A. Barnett, George Ewing, Thomas C. Dunn, Majen Switzer, James M. Atkins, Adam Imler, Irving Piste, John C. Bayley, Seth A. Bushnell, Wm. Lewis, John F. Harshbarger, Jonathan Abrams, Charles Hall, Harvey Hopkins, Louis C. Robinson, James Hall, John W. Kannard, Eben Russell, David W. Barnest, Rawson Rader, Wm. Miller, Robb, Lowe, Jacob Nexil, Levi Hart, Campbell R. Thompson, Daniel H. Nye, Anton Rumpler, Frank English, John Heiser, Theophilus J. Wilson, Levi Lambert, Frank Sherling, Ja ob Clifford, James A. Henry, Jos. Adi, Nelson Francis, John W. Banger, Daniel Coleman, Wm. H. Caley, Lorenzo D. Vanskirk, Harvey Gregory, Wesley W. Reed, Christopher Fry, John S. Leggett, John G. Rennett, Henry F. Brainard, Jos. Wolfinger, Solomon Willing, Alexander Harter, Andrew D. Daugherty, Dwight N. Hamlin, Lyman R. Hoffman, Wm. T. Harshe, John Martin, David Tarr, Miles Wood, Thomas Morchland, Enos Jones, Wm. Henry, Geo. D. Gardner, John F. Wilson, Thompson W. James, Jacob P. Beelman, Wm. A. Johnston, Wm. F. Gross, John Cox, Ira Hawkins, Edwards Gouldsberry, Louis Rimpler, John Maloney, Moses H. McCoy, Geo. W. Watts, samuel F. Zehring, Henry C. Williams, Jacob Young, Wesley Davis, John R. Dall, Wm. Hall, Wm. Hendrickson, George M. Jones, Jacob Fortune, Chas. W. Clements, Palmer D. Hatch, Ezra Layton, Geo. J. Allwood, Isaac C. Swingle, Martin Slaughter, Isaac Hanson, Alex. Valuaes, Engelbert Amann, Dixon Holloway, Jos. B. Chipman, Wm. Powell, Jacob Everett, John Mills, Samuel D. Cook, Edward B. Whitehead, Wm. M. Harlat, Johnson Wilson, Wm. Davidson, Adam Conkle, Archibald Purcell, Abram Phelps, Wm. D. Fell, Henry H. Fullerton, Samuel W. Poland, Andrew K. Rose, Wm. Boyls, Francis Lisko, Ira Curtner, Madison J. Bowsher, Adam Auth, Samuel R. Kemble, Andrew Shoemaker, Edward Garba, John M. Barnett, Wesley R. Wilkins, Francis H. McKnight, Robert Woodrow, John D. Myers, Christian Christ, Jacob Hellebrick, Wyatt W. Harris, Mosias Watson, Adam Kuntz, John Koch, Henry A. Cooley, Thomas Anderson, John W. Blake, Daniel Albert, Frederick W. Worth, John L. Flaherty, William Woodson, Hiram Caldwell, Christian Hoffman, Martin M. Fudge, George Richards, Alfred Griffey, William Batt, Citizen J. Kennedy, Elijah Colbert, Cyrenius Harrell, Charles E. Prentice, Alex. Cole, William H. Carney, Samuel W. Sutton, Thomas Parfick, George D. Parker, George Feichner, John W. Meriz, Ebenezer Blanchard, Peter Woodring, Wesley Coddery, Michael B. Blackstone, William L. M. Burger, Milton Chambers, Jacob Hooley, James C. Fox, John W. Hughes, David Hatcher, Daniel F. Kinney, Marion Minkley, Cyrus R. Carr, Lemon K. Drake, W. W. Wilson, W. R. Rigsley, Wm. Samuel, John Bole, Wm. Kuhn, Jas. D. Markell, Nathan Augustus Emmons, Thos. Gordon, Wilson Snider, Chas. Stickels, Oliver Curry, Aaron C. Young, Levi Snyder, Thos. C. Bloom, Hazel Terrell, Curran W. Henkle, Jas. Blackburn, Henry Hoffman, Geo. W. Andrews, Valentine Roth, Jacob Laire, John W. Reilly, Samuel Phillips, Paul Kennel, John Mercer, Geo. Conrad, Peter Schafer, Emanuel D. Baker, Friedrich Schermeyer, Andrew J. Burtz, Philip Cassidy, Jas. N. Cross, Jas. A. Pottleord, Samuel M. Miles, Thos. Hewitt, Jacob Koontz, Samuel McGahey, Oscar May, Jas. E. Loury, Sidney P. Bates, Milton D. Lutz, Samuel Reed, John Horn, Wm. Knox, Andrew J. Klei, Geo W. Fisher, John Jones, Wm. Breech Jacob Stires, Andrew McManus, Daniel M. Stewart, John B. Hutchinson, Pleasant Sanders, Henry Keller, Daniel Findley, John Ruble, Robert Caldwel dor, Clarkson P. Ne land, Wiley B. Jones, Price J. Jones, David Adam, Matthew Brown, John Campbell, John R. Lash, Theodore Feighler, Wm. Morrison, David E. Farber, Geo. Baum, David C. Kingsbury, Isaac Sanders, Jacob Fritz, Geo. Siffert, Wm. Kildp, Thos. S. Francisco, Jas. L. Batten, Jos. Sisler, Archibald Bretz, Walter Mossington, (Navy), Jacob Braun, Jas. Potts, Isaac Sellers.

Original—Pollis Bion, John Reardon, Ezra Towner (navy) Francis Trummell (deceased), Daniel C. Miller, Andrew J. Bales, Samuel Walters, Chas. Reader, Abraham Ong, Willard D. Mills, Christopher Beck, George L. Sackett, John Allen, Samuel Sims, John Wilcox (or), Valentine Backer, Henry Tindall, William Wright, (colon), N. Snyder, Peter Brown, Alfred Porter, Daniel Sher, Freeman L. Robinson, Jacob Wilson, Clarence Wilcox, Wm. H. Van Pelt, Peter Motz, Eli Webb, Rufus Southwick, David Strait, Wm. Smith, John Bittler, James H. Bauchman, James Sloan, Hugh Lomsey (deceased), Clarkson B. McKeever, Reuben Tilford, John F. Burtch, Limes P. Bonger, John Martin (navy), Oriel J. Crain (navy), John Hastings (navy), James Kingman (colon), Christopher White, John C. Taylor, John G. Whiteleather, Jos. Robbins, Jos. Aid, Lewis Weyer, Thos. G. Murray, Chas. Stephenson, Archibald Stittsworth, Carl on S. Potter (navy), Thomas Perrin, Chas. Reed, Frank Menny (navy), James Allen (navy), Wm. H. Shaff (navy), Artiz Fitzwater (navy), Daniel McKenzie (navy), Frank Wikely (navy), Thos. B. Ruff, Jacob Hoover, Samuel Seed, Thomas McGee, (navy), Alvin E. Quillan, James Brecourt, William G. Brookbank, John D. Swain, John B. Putman, Silas Austin Weyand, Henry Schwartz.

Original widows, &c.—Margaret A. Golden, Mary Huffman, Emily H. Prentiss, Augusta A. Schulze, Callie Schuck, Mary Ann Elmore (navy), Nancy Taylor, Mary Turney, Annie Mahanna, Malissa Kuhn, Athalia P. Robinson, Maggie F. Fazin, Mary Swallow (mother), Frances W. Hull (mother), Mardanna Herberger, minors of Victor E. Simon.

Original—Samuel H. Elliott, Emuire M. Bigbee, John Watkins, Gardner Hopkins, Jacob M. Varnum, Henry G. Swanson, Alex. C. Sowes, Isaac Crabtree, Geo. Stausberger, Jacob De Graff, John Jeuch, John S. Crawford, Geo. W. Leohner, Andrew J. Heller, John W. Lincoln, Judson Dean, Peter Ferguson, Geo. W. Lush, Ed Cavis, Jas. Bateman, Jacob Snyder, Linford Lyle, Wm. Savage, Mariman Heath, John P. Christy, Elison H. Roberts, Benjamin F. Sholtz, Silas W. Baumfiery, Isaac Lewis, Wm. Johnston, Jos. W. Bowman, John E. Crandall, Chas. Hughes, Freeman Rigg, Herman Wermes, Alfred Baltzell, H. Hoffman, J. Hartley, F. Hubbard, Eli Black, S. H. Ames, J. Tearman, P. Locklin, S. S. Hoyt, David Ginin, John Gaffney, Asa Harden, Michael Loy, Henry Hester, Henry Elsman, Henry Worline, Peter Klason, Lorenzo Fuller, Isaac Washburn, Emanuel Williamson, Henry Keller, Thomas Frawley, Wm. C. Glenn, Henry Claus, Charles Wright, John A. Noling, Anson C. Ritter, Wm. E. Thomas, Thomas Jackson, Herman Klein, George Hartinger, John Garrett, Frederick Fauser, Wm. Fall, Beal, Martin Archer, Samuel A. Irvin, Wm. G. Gannon, Wm. M. Glenn, James B. Kennedy, John H. Taylor, George K. Harris, David Diltz, Andrew Hamilton, Isaac F. Lawrence, Thomas McSimonds, John Wierling, Sylvester Leming (deceased), George A. Wright, Daniel Bowland, George A. Smith, Ferdinand Sheibrich, Frederick Lange, Calvin H. Hunton, Sandy Beard, William T. Boohan, Anthony H. Tico, Norman Spaulding, Andrew R. Walch, Peter Butts, Jos. Huber, Calvin I. Hinman, John H. H. Crawford, Gaudeloupe C. Allfinger, Francis M. Howe, John Smith, Caleb S. Broadwell, Wm. Ward, John Hines Jeremiah Archer, Jos. Stokley, Robert Ireton.

Additional—Abraham Emminger, Jas. C. Simmons, Jo hua Cones.

Original widows, etc.—Rhoda Slay, Elizabeth Howard, minors of Sylvester Leming, Elizabeth Underwood, Ruth McAninch, Nancy M. Bonser, Mary A. Hunt, Mary Halterman, Lucinda Johns, Amanda Harris.

Mexican survivors—Geo. Curtis.

Original—John Evans, Jas. Harding, Azariah Curtis, Marshall B. Mayhew, Wm. Tschudy, Eli Brown, John H. Curwood, Albert Morris, David K. Flatter, Milligan Dunn, Philip Michael, Erastus Reynolds, Jas. A. Reece, Chas. S. Pettibey, Coraman Mellott, John Shingle, Ervin W. Meese, Robert Miller, Edwin Taft, Jas. J. Perlier, Josiah Shaw, Jas. R. Henry, John J. Phifer, Patterson Strawbridge, Andrew Caskey, Newell Burdick, Jas. W. Wyrick, Jacob Snyder, Andrew Moore, Wm. R. Wilson, Geo. Schieo, Peter G. Sweet, Azariah Taylor, Elijah Williams, Orlando M. Hatch, Henry A. Snyder, Francis Wesco, Wm. Hamilton, Robert Puterbaugh, John S. Rathburn, Charles Wilcox, Andrew W. Clawson, Howard Williamson, John H. Roberts, Harmon Bowen, John Symons, Lemuel Poole, Denald Adams, Peter Mosser, Wm. Bowers, Jacob Wollam, John A. Ridgeway, Fritz Tellman, Joshua Cooper, Samuel F. Savery, Elias England, John Walter, Samuel Brown, Jas. Warner, J. Perry Wintermute, Albert M. Allen, Charles H. Brewster, Samuel Robert Sheets, Geo. Walker, Geo. W. Augelo, Newton A. Taft, Anson Owen, Wm. Rickman, John Bowsher, Chas. Smith, Ebenezer M. Griffith, Jos. Gardner, Henry Grinnell, Hiram D. Minor, Jos. Ott, Francis Rodgers, Thomas Flood, Alvin H. Spousler, James Crawford, Samuel Tapping, Matthew Thompson, Clark Reed, Levi Wolfe, Thos. W. Bradshaw, John White, Samuel Powers, Alvarado Wickenbush, John Vandagriff, Jas. Watkins, Warren M. Smith, Wm. Ford, Byron L. Talmadge, John W. Thompson, Rufus Clark, Daniel H. Reeder, John W. Pfahler, Geo. A. Mixer, Wm. Bobb, Elias Shuser, Benjamin F. Unspaw, Owen Parker, Thomas Read, Benj. F. Springsteen, St. Clair Streel, Elwin Hoyt, Jas. W. Snodgrass, Miles Thompson, Robert B. McEwen, Andrew Warren, Isaiah Richards, Chas. E. Bates, Adam Kleinschmidt, Geo. W. Duckett, Wm. B. Burritt, Henry Siders, Ben F. Dwinell, Andrew Probst, Felix Keller, Melvin J. Harris, Timothy McCann, Josiah D. Smith, Davis Johnson, Jeremiah Trick, George Goodwin, Otho Davis Foster, Christopher Heizeman, John Patterson, Levi Bixley, Abel B. Smith, Michael Dunn, Elias Mowrell, John Cooper, Noreiba Saunders, Lewis Ames, William A. Barnett, George Ewing, Thomas C. Dunn, Majen Switzer, James M. Atkins, Adam Imler, Irving Piste, John C. Bayley, Seth A. Bushnell, Wm. Lewis, John F. Harshbarger, Jonathan Abrams, Charles Hall, Harvey Hopkins, Louis C. Robinson, James Hall, John W. Kannard, Eben Russell, David W. Barnest, Rawson Rader, Wm. Miller, Robb, Lowe, Jacob Nexil, Levi Hart, Campbell R. Thompson, Daniel H. Nye, Anton Rumpler, Frank English, John Heiser, Theophilus J. Wilson, Levi Lambert, Frank Sherling, Ja ob Clifford, James A. Henry, Jos. Adi, Nelson Francis, John W. Banger, Daniel Coleman, Wm. H. Caley, Lorenzo D. Vanskirk, Harvey Gregory, Wesley W. Reed, Christopher Fry, John S. Leggett, John G. Rennett, Henry F. Brainard, Jos. Wolfinger, Solomon Willing, Alexander Harter, Andrew D. Daugherty, Dwight N. Hamlin, Lyman R. Hoffman, Wm. T. Harshe, John Martin, David Tarr, Miles Wood, Thomas Morchland, Enos Jones, Wm. Henry, Geo. D. Gardner, John F. Wilson, Thompson W. James, Jacob P. Beelman, Wm. A. Johnston, Wm. F. Gross, John Cox, Ira Hawkins, Edwards Gouldsberry, Louis Rimpler, John Maloney, Moses H. McCoy, Geo. W. Watts, samuel F. Zehring, Henry C. Williams, Jacob Young, Wesley Davis, John R. Dall, Wm. Hall, Wm. Hendrickson, George M. Jones, Jacob Fortune, Chas. W. Clements, Palmer D. Hatch, Ezra Layton, Geo. J. Allwood, Isaac C. Swingle, Martin Slaughter, Isaac Hanson, Alex. Valuaes, Engelbert Amann, Dixon Holloway, Jos. B. Chipman, Wm. Powell, Jacob Everett, John Mills, Samuel D. Cook, Edward B. Whitehead, Wm. M. Harlat, Johnson Wilson, Wm. Davidson, Adam Conkle, Archibald Purcell, Abram Phelps, Wm. D. Fell, Henry H. Fullerton, Samuel W. Poland, Andrew K. Rose, Wm. Boyls, Francis Lisko, Ira Curtner, Madison J. Bowsher, Adam Auth, Samuel R. Kemble, Andrew Shoemaker, Edward Garba, John M. Barnett, Wesley R. Wilkins, Francis H. McKnight, Robert Woodrow, John D. Myers, Christian Christ, Jacob Hellebrick, Wyatt W. Harris, Mosias Watson, Adam Kuntz, John Koch, Henry A. Cooley, Thomas Anderson, John W. Blake, Daniel Albert, Frederick W. Worth, John L. Flaherty, William Woodson, Hiram Caldwell, Christian Hoffman, Martin M. Fudge, George Richards, Alfred Griffey, William Batt, Citizen J. Kennedy, Elijah Colbert, Cyrenius Harrell, Charles E. Prentice, Alex. Cole, William H. Carney, Samuel W. Sutton, Thomas Parfick, George D. Parker, George Feichner, John W. Meriz, Ebenezer Blanchard, Peter Woodring, Wesley Coddery, Michael B. Blackstone, William L. M. Burger, Milton Chambers, Jacob Hooley, James C. Fox, John W. Hughes, David Hatcher, Daniel F. Kinney, Marion Minkley, Cyrus R. Carr, Lemon K. Drake, W. W. Wilson, W. R. Rigsley, Wm. Samuel, John Bole, Wm. Kuhn, Jas. D. Markell, Nathan Augustus Emmons, Thos. Gordon, Wilson Snider, Chas. Stickels, Oliver Curry, Aaron C. Young, Levi Snyder, Thos. C. Bloom, Hazel Terrell, Curran W. Henkle, Jas. Blackburn, Henry Hoffman, Geo. W. Andrews, Valentine Roth, Jacob Laire, John W. Reilly, Samuel Phillips, Paul Kennel, John Mercer, Geo. Conrad, Peter Schafer, Emanuel D. Baker, Friedrich Schermeyer, Andrew J. Burtz, Philip Cassidy, Jas. N. Cross, Jas. A. Pottleord, Samuel M. Miles, Thos. Hewitt, Jacob Koontz, Samuel McGahey, Oscar May, Jas. E. Loury, Sidney P. Bates, Milton D. Lutz, Samuel Reed, John Horn, Wm. Knox, Andrew J. Klei, Geo W. Fisher, John Jones, Wm. Breech

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

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100 Doses One Dollar

Talmage's Sermon.

REV. DR. TALMAGE AT LAKESIDE.

The Vacant Chair at the Banquet Given by King Saul—The Vacant Chairs of the Household.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, preached at Lakeside Camp-ground, Ohio, on July 19. His subject was the "Vacant Chair," and his text, 1 Samuel 20:18: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

Set on the table the cutlery and the chased silverware of the palace, for King Saul will give a state dinner to-day. A distinguished place is kept at the table for his son-in-law, a celebrated warrior, David by name. The guests, jeweled and plumed, come in and take their places. When people are invited to a king's banquet, they are very apt to go. But before the covers are lifted from the feast, Saul looks around and finds a vacant seat at the table. He says within himself, perhaps audibly, "What does this mean? Where is my son-in-law? Where is David, the great warrior? I invited him. I expected him. What! a vacant chair at the king's banquet!" The fact was that David had been seated for the last time at his father-in-law's table. The day before Jonathan had coaxed David to go and accomplish that place at the table, saying to David in the words of my text, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." The prophecy was fulfilled. David was missed. His seat was empty. The one vacant chair spoke louder than all the occupied chairs at the banquet.

In almost every house the articles of furniture take a living personality. That picture—a stranger would not see anything remarkable either in its design or execution, but it is more to you than all the pictures of the Louvre and Luxembourg. You remember who bought it, and who admired it. And that hymn book—you remember who sang out of it. And that cradle—you remember who rocked it. And that Bible—you remember who read out of it. And that bed—you remember who slept in it. And that room—you remember who died in it. But there is nothing in all your house so eloquent and so mighty-voiced as the vacant chair. I suppose that before Saul and his guests got up from this banquet there was a great clatter of wine pitchers, but all that racket was drowned out by the voice that came up from the vacant chair at the table. Millions have gazed and wept at John Quincy Adams's vacant chair in the House of Representatives, and at Henry Wilson's vacant chair in the Vice Presidency, at and Henry Clay's vacant chair in the American Senate, and at Prince Albert's vacant chair at Windsor Castle, and at Their's vacant chair in the councils of the French nation; but all these chairs are unimportant to you as compared with the vacant chairs in your own household. Have these chairs any lesson for us to learn? Are we any better men and women than when they first addressed us?

First, I point out to you the father's vacant chair. Old men always like to sit in the same place and in the same chair. They somehow feel more at home. They somehow feel more at home when you are in their place and they come into the room, you jump up suddenly and say: "Here, father, here's your chair." The probability is, it is an armchair, for he is not so strong as he once was, and he needs a little upholding. His hair is a little frosty, his gums a little depressed, for in his early days there was not much dentistry. Perhaps a cane chair and old-fashioned apparel, for though you may have suggested some improvement, father does not accept any of your nonsense. Grandfather never had much admiration for newfangled notions. I sat at the table of one of my parishioners in a former congregation; an aged man was at the table, and the son was presiding, and the father somewhat abruptly addressed the son and said: "My son, don't now try to show off because the minister is here!" Your father never liked any new customs or manners, he preferred the old way of doing things, and he never looked so happy as when with his family closed, he sat in the armchair in the corner. From the wrinkled brow to the tip of the slippers, what placidity! The wave of the past years of his life broke at the foot of that chair. Perhaps, sometimes he was a little impatient, and sometimes told the same story twice; but over that old chair how many blessed memories hover! I hope you did not crowd that old chair out of the room to get very much in the way. Sometimes the old man's chair gets very much in the way, especially if he has been so unwise as to make over all his property to his children, with the understanding that they are to take care of him. I have seen in such cases children crowd the old man's chair to the door, and then crowd it clear into the street, and then crowd it into the poorhouse, and keep on crowding it until the old man fell out of it into a grave.

But your father's chair was a sacred place. The children used to climb up on the rungs of it for a good-night kiss, and the longer he stayed the better you liked it. But that chair has been vacant now for some time. The furniture dealer would give you 50 cents for it, but it is a throne of influence in your domestic circle. I saw in the French palace, and in the throne room, the chair that Napoleon used to occupy. It was a beautiful chair, but the most significant part of it was the letter "N" embroidered into the back of the chair in purple and gold. And your father's chair sits in the throne room of your heart, and your affections have embroidered into the back of that chair in purple and gold the letter "F." Have all the prayers of that old chair been answered? Have all the counsels of that old chair been practiced? Speak out! old armchair. History tells us of an old man whose three sons were victors in the Olympic games, and when they came back from the three sons, with their garlands, put them on the father's brow, and the old man was so rejoiced at the victories of his three children that he fell dead in their arms. And are you, oh man, going to bring a wreath of joy and Christian usefulness and put it on your father's brow, or on the vacant chair, or on the memory of the one departed? Speak out! old armchair. With reference to your father the words of my text have been fulfilled: "Thou shalt be missed because thy seat will be empty."

I go a little further on in your house, and I find the mother's chair. It is very apt to be a rocking chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe that it must have rockers. I remember it well. It was an old chair, and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved; but there was music in the sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Ah! what a chair that was. It was different from the father's chair; it was entirely different. You ask me how? I can not tell; but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were wayward, father scolded, but mother cried. It was a very wakeful chair. In the sick days of children other chairs could not keep awake; that chair always kept awake. That chair knew all the old lullabies and all those wordless songs which mothers sing to their sick children—songs in which all pity, and compassion, and sympathetic influences are expressed. That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the left or the garret, but it holds the queenly power yet. When at midnight you went into that grog shop to get the intoxicating draught, did you not hear a voice that said: "My son, why go in there?" And louder than the boisterous encore of the place of sinful amusement, a voice saying, "My son, what do you do here?" And when you went into the house of abandonment, a voice saying, "What would your mother do if she knew you were here?" And you were provoked with yourself, and you charged yourself with superstition and fanaticism and your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home and you went to bed, and no sooner had you touched the bed than a voice said: "What a prayerless pillow! Man! what is the matter?" This: You are too near your mother's rocking chair.

"Oh, pshaw!" you say. "There's nothing in that; I'm five hundred miles off from where I was born; I'm three thousand miles off from the church whose bell was the first music I ever heard." I cannot help that; you are too near your mother's rocking chair. "Oh," you say, "there can't be anything in that; that chair has been vacant a great while." I cannot help that; it is all the mightier for that. It is omnipotent, that vacant mother's chair. It whispers: it speaks; it weeps; it carols; it mourns; it prays; it warns; it thunders. A young man went off and broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and the telegraph brought the son, and he came into the room where she lay and looked upon her face, and he cried out: "Oh, mother! mother! what your life could not do your death shall effect. This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise. Another victory for the vacant chair. With reference to your mother, the words of my text were fulfilled: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

I pass on, and I find one more vacant chair. It is a high chair. It is the child's chair. If that chair be occupied, I think it is the most important chair in all the household. All the chairs wait on it; all the chairs are turned toward it. It means more than David's chair at Saul's banquet. At any rate, it makes more racket. That is a strange house that can be dull with a child in it. How that child breaks up the hard worldliness of the place, and keeps you young to sixty, seventy, and eighty years of age! Bare and cold is the floor to the bed. Feed along the tendons of the leg for unnatural heat. If there is any the animal may seem lame in the shoulder. If the shoulder is really the part involved, it is the point that needs attention; whether in the shoulder or tendons, apply this: It must be kept away from the flame of match or lamp. Benzine, 1 pint; turpentine, ¾ oz.; gum camphor, ½ oz.; aqua ammonia, 2

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can buy or sell anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

The Napoleons of History.

J. T. K., Tomahawk, N. C., asks: 1.—"How many Napoleons are spoken of in history?" The following is a list of the members of the Bonaparte family who have borne the name of Napoleon:

1.—Napoleon Bonaparte, emperor under the title of Napoleon I., often called "Napoleon the Great."

2.—Napoleon II., Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon I. He never reigned.

3.—Napoleon III., Emperor of France from 1851 to 1870, and who died in exile at Chiselhurst, England, January 9, 1873.

4.—Napoleon, the Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon III. He was born in 1856, and was killed in South Africa during the Zulu war.

5.—Prince Napoleon, died 1881, who was the son of Lucien Bonaparte, a brother of Napoleon I.

6.—Prince Napoleon, died 1860, who was the son of Jerome Bonaparte, another brother of Napoleon I.

7.—Napoleon Victor Jerome and Napoleon Louis, the two sons of Prince Napoleon.

2.—The stratagem by which the Greeks took the city of Troy was as follows: They built an enormous wooden horse, which was hollow, and stood upon a platform placed on wheels. This was filled with the bravest of the Greek soldiers, fully armed. The Greeks then broke up their camp in the utmost confusion, and left, as if in retreat. The Trojans, coming out of the city, found the wooden horse, and in triumph drew it within the walls. That night the Greeks within the figure let themselves out, opened the gates, and admitted the Greek army, and Troy was utterly destroyed.

"The Federalist."

J. T. F., Pushmataha, Miss.: Alexander Hamilton was one of the New York delegates to the convention which framed the constitution. He was very strongly in favor of a federal form of government, while public sentiment in New York was largely Anti-Federalist. Hamilton was one of the three delegates from that state to the convention, and the other two were opposed to him on every question which came up. After the convention had framed the constitution, then came the matter of having it ratified by the states. A month after the adjournment of the convention, there appeared in a New York newspaper the first one of a series of articles entitled "The Federalist," in support of the constitution against the various objections urged to it. This series continued until the following June, reaching the number of 85 articles. They were republished throughout the states, and made a very great impression in favor of the new scheme of government. Hamilton wrote more than three-fourths of them alone; Madison wrote three, John Jay wrote five, and Madison, Hamilton and Jay jointly wrote three. They are still read and quoted as a standard commentary on the ends and aims of the federal constitution. To this series of papers was due the change in public opinion by which the state of New York ratified the constitution.

Northern Slaves—Kentucky's Boundary.

"C. W. F.," Kenney, Ills.: 1.—At the time of the first census, in 1790, there were slaves in all the states but Massachusetts, which then included Maine. Vermont abolished slavery in 1777. Pennsylvania, in 1780, provided for gradual emancipation; Massachusetts abolished slavery by the act of adopting her state constitution of 1780; Rhode Island and Connecticut adopted gradual emancipation; New York in 1799, and in 1817 she passed another act declaring all slaves free on July 4, 1827; New Jersey pursued the same course in 1804. Ohio in 1802 prohibited all the Northern states which ever held slaves.

2.—By the act creating the state of Kentucky, the boundary of that state extends to low water on the northern bank of the Ohio river, so far as it forms her northern and northwestern boundary.

3.—The delay in the inauguration of Washington as President from March 4 to April 30, 1789, was occasioned by the necessity of traveling on horseback, and other drawbacks of a sparsely settled country in that primitive time.

Drinking Water in Venice.

L. R. S., Wakeman, O., asks, "Where do the people of Venice get their drinking water, as the sea water in the canals is salt?" In the November, 1879, number of Van Nostrand's *Engineering Magazine*, there is an article on the "Artificial Water Supply," from which we extract as much as answers the above question:

"The subjacent soil of the Queen City of the Adriatic, Venice, consists everywhere of, beneath the mud sand, permeable by water, and thoroughly waterlogged. To obtain a supply of water from wells in such a soil was, of course, impossible without a pump. Nevertheless, attempts have been made to sink artesian wells through the silt, and into the formations underlying the lagoons and bed of the Adriatic, and numerous borings of sandy peat were encountered to a depth exceeding 500 feet, but no potable water.

"The first introduction of extraneous water entered the city with the railroad viaduct about thirty years ago (1849), and this source of supply has, we believe, been since considerably increased; but prior to that the supply of water to Venice was only what it had been from the earliest times, and earlier, in the days of her opulence and political importance.

"It consisted simply in the rainwater collected from the roofs and court yards of her palaces and houses, and from the surfaces which were carefully flagged and channeled coursed of her public places, such as the well-known Piazza di San Marco.

"This water flowed from clear but very limited surfaces, was conducted by covered pipes or channels into ingeniously constructed draw wells, which were at once filtering cisterns and reservoirs. Several of these superbly finished draw wells still exist in Venice, and in other cities of the ancient Lombardo-Venitian territory.

"For all culinary and domestic purposes these draw wells were the only resource, but in the opulent days of the city a very perfect system of water carriers was in operation. These brought water for all other purposes from the Grand canal or the Brenta."

The Beaver.

B. B., of East Toledo, O., in reference to a recent question asked about the habits of the beaver, says that the animals plaster mud on the green wood so as to weigh it down to keep it under water. They prefer aspen and alder for their winter food; but next to this they take either deciduous woods with soft bark. He says that old beaver hunters have told him that this was the case; and they also state that in the spring, if a freshet happens to break their dams, they will use the pieces from which they have peeled the bark to stop the breech.

Two Political Questions.

H. F. M., Monroe, Ky.: 1.—A state can have separate schools for white and black children if it chooses. There is nothing in the United States constitution to prevent it. 2.—We have not the data to answer. 3.—The United States constitution does not prescribe the manner of electing representatives to Congress. That is left to the states themselves; and a state may elect them in any manner the legislature may prescribe.

"Salmagundi."

F. B. asks what the word "salmagundi" means. It is from the French, and means a salad composed of a mixture of minced veal, chicken or turkey, anchovies or pickled herrings, and onions, all chopped together and served with lemon juice and oil. Washington Irving once published in New York a literary periodical to which he gave the name of *Salmagundi*, and now it is applied in that sense to any literary miscellany.

Railway Postal Clerkships.

C. L. Q., Bucyrus, O.: If you wish to secure a railway postal clerkship, write a letter stating your wishes to John T. Doyle, Secretary United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., and ask for a circular of information and to know when and where the examinations will take place.

National Banks.

N. C., Mound City, Kans.: Prof. Charles F. Dunbar's "Chapters on the Theory and History of Banking," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, issued this year, says, in a chapter on National Banks, page 140:

"Although the expense of printing the notes (but not of engraving the plates), of superintending its system, and of providing for the safe keeping of the bonds deposited, are paid by the government, these charges are offset by a tax of 1 per cent per annum on the average amount of notes in circulation."

The national banks pay for engraving their notes, the same as if they hired a private engraver to do the work. The notes are engraved and printed by the government simply as a safeguard against counterfeiting, etc. The banker does not specifically say that the annual tax is for these objects, but that was the reason it was levied.

Miscellaneous.

E. A. P., Arenzville, Ills.: "John Brown's Body" was given a tune or so ago in our Old War Songs, and we cannot reprint.

G. H. H., Catawba, W. Va.: We have handed your question to the editor of the Household. Recipes for family wines belong there, not here.

W. V., Mooresville, Mo.: As we remember it, two men tried to kill Guiteau: once by one of his guards named Mason, and second by a man named Jones, a citizen.

C. F. S., Trenton, Tenn.: We never heard of Tennessee being called the "Volunteer State." The only nickname ever commonly applied to it is "The Big Bend State."

S. R. B., Farmington, N. M., asks for a description of the canning process as employed in fruit canning factories. If any reader engaged in the business will answer, we shall be glad to publish.

S. V. P., Nickel Plate P. O., Ohio, asks for a formula for cleaning telegraph batter jars. He says that the blue vitrol and copper often get crusted in the bottom of the jars, and it is impossible to clean it out without breaking the jars. If some one will send a formula, we will publish.

W. A. L., Ridgeville, Ind.: 1.—Tea and coffee were placed on the free list in 1872, and that is too far back for us. We have not the record of the vote. 2.—We know of no measure introduced in Congress which would genuinely have reduced the revenue which the Democrats have not fought.

V. A., Winona, Mo.: We are sorry, but our rules forbid us giving addresses. The chief potteries in Ohio are at East Liverpool and Martin's Ferry. We do not know where they are located in the other states. We do not know the price of ores of manganese. Any dealer in paints can give you the address of the manufacturers.

J. M. A., Ogden, Utah: Your question about the religious views of the presidents of the colleges and universities of the United States is impossible to answer without sending letters of inquiry to each and every college in the United States. Of course, it is easy to understand that the denominational schools—that is, those colleges which are under the control of certain religious denominations—have faculties, as a rule, belonging to that denomination. We must ask you to excuse us from the labor which would be necessary.

BEATING CALIFORNIA.

Oregon is Getting to be a Great Fruit Growing State.

Reference was made in the *Oregonian* a few days ago to the possibilities of the fruit industry of the Northwest, if properly handled, more particularly to the possibilities of canning for the Eastern markets, says the Portland *Oregonian*, and it is a pleasure to note that already it is beginning to show satisfactory results. Mr. Chas. J. Gorman, president of the Gorman Commission company, yesterday showed an *Oregonian* reporter orders for three car loads of Oregon canned fruits, which he had just received from Cincinnati, Leavenworth and Cleveland respectively, and which, it is safe to say, are but forerunners of a very large trade to be developed in this line as soon as Eastern buyers become better acquainted with the superior quality of our products.

The fruits sold consist of peaches, pears, Royal Ann and black cherries, peach, egg and green gage plums, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries and gooseberries, all of which Oregon can produce in abundance, once there is an assurance of an outlet. They will be packed by the Oregon Packing company, at East Portland, whose immense capacity this year will enable them to send 30,000 cases of fruits and vegetables to the Eastern markets, provided sufficient quantity of fruit may be obtained in this state to pack them.

Who will undertake to measure the vast amount of good that must accrue to the state and the Northwest in general, as the direct result of the opening up of new markets of such magnitude which have heretofore been to us as a sealed book? While it is true that California has occasionally taken some of our fruits to supply her deficiencies, she took good care that Oregon received no credit for her products by exchanging or replacing the label, if, indeed, the Oregon shipper had the temerity to put one on. All this, however, will be changed, and Oregon is going to take her proper place among the fruit-producing states of the country. Not alone will our immediate markets be benefitted by the increased demand for fruits for canning purposes, but its effect will be felt clear up into the immense fruit-growing districts east of the mountains, by opening up new markets for them heretofore unthought of. To demonstrate this, Mr. Gorman showed the reporter where he had been instrumental in making a purchase in the vicinity of Walla Walla of a carload of Royal Ann cherries, which will be shipped to the Oregon Packing company's cannery at East Portland, and from thence be distributed throughout the East to silently testify to the many advantages which the Northwest offers to the anxious home-seeker, who are only awaiting some such ocular proof to enable them to decide that Oregon should be their future home.

Mr. Gorman is very enthusiastic over his self-imposed task of making a name for the "fruits of Oregon," and says that with the co-operation of those directly interested, whose assistance would mean so much in an undertaking of this kind, it will be only a few short years until Oregon fruits may be known and appreciated wherever in this country a lover of a luscious peach and sightly pair may be found.

The *Oregonian* is glad to offer what encouragement it can to any industry which promises so much for the benefit of the state at large as this undertaking, which, if carried out on the lines laid down, will most assuredly accomplish.

Pat's Poser.

Father Mathew warned a friend against the use of inconclusive arguments—arguments which, to use a strictly temperance metaphor, will not hold water. He said he was once addressing an audience of Irish car drivers, and told them they might learn a lesson from the brute creation.

"If," said he, "I were to set before one of your horses a bucket of water and a bucket of whisky you know which the wise beast would take."

Whereupon one of these quick-witted car men replied: "Well, father, If I were to place before my horse a truss of hay and a sirloin of beef, you know which the wise beast would choose. But does it follow that hay is best for me?"—[N. Y. Ledger.

Strange Story from Maine.

The Portland *Transcript* record this incident: "A lady cottager in the harbor allowed her young son to go sailing one evening with the stipulation that he should be at home at a certain hour. She herself went out and returned before the time at which she expected her son, who, however, didn't appear. She decided to sit up for him and grew more and more anxious, till at midnight she was in a fever of suspense, when it occurred to her to look in her son's bedroom, and there he was, sound asleep, having returned home before she did. She wanted to wake him up and shake him. Who ever heard of a boy's getting home from a pleasure trip before it was necessary?"

The Mustard Tree.

Many a reader of the Bible has puzzled over the allegation that so insignificant a thing as a grain of mustard seed, when planted, sprang up and became a plant in whose branches the birds of the air found shelter. The mustard plant of the Atlantic coast, a foot or two in height, could not by any stretch of imagination be thought capable of sheltering even the smallest of birds. But when one sees the vast mustard fields of California, the biblical account is easily understood. The mustard plant of California shoots up a dozen or fifteen feet in height. A horseback rider is easily lost in the thicket, while the branches of the great plants can and do at times afford shelter for thousands of the feathered tribes.

True Greatness.

Great honors are being paid to the high born of the earth in London this week, but of all those being courted and flattered who will be remembered a hundred years from now? Yesterday 30,000 persons attended the unveiling of a statue of the lowly Scottish plowboy, nearly a hundred years after his death. Verily—

"Lords and princes are but the breath of kings
An honest man's the noblest work of God."
—[Louisville Times.

Fixing the Price.

Bridegroom (to minister)—How much will it be?

Minister—That depends upon how much you think it is worth.

Bridegroom—Well, I think it is worth $20,000, but I'll com around in a few days and see you.—[Puck.

CURED | Books on Blood and Skin diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA. | MY BOY.

Swift's Specific S. S. S. cured my little boy of scrofula, from which he had suffered a long time. I had tried the best physicians and great quantities of medicines without avail. A few bottles of S. S. S. did the work. He is now enjoying the best of health and has not had any symptoms of the disease for over a year.

W. A. Clayton, Addie, N. C.

BOOKS ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

The Soldiers' Census Blank.

All comrades are earnestly requested, if they have not already done so, to fill out the Union soldiers' census blank, found in another column, and mail it at once, addressed "Census Bureau, Washington, D. C." Also call the attention of every comrade who does not read THE BLADE to the blank and have him do likewise. If you have not enough blanks, send us the names and postoffice addresses of comrades who desire to use them, and we will mail to each one a sample copy of THE BLADE containing it. Please do this at once.

Second Day at Shiloh.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—At daylight we fell into line of battle, and moved up about a quarter of a mile. During the night Gen. Buell arrived with re-enforcements for Grant's army.

Lew Wallace's division occupied the extreme right of the Union line. About sunrise, April 7, the 9th Ind. Batty., commanded by Capt. Thompson, opened the ball. Scarcely had the report of the first gun died away, when it was answered by a shell from a rebel battery, 150 yards in front of Thompson. Soon the two batteries were engaged in a duel which lasted 40 minutes, terminating in favor of Thompson's battery. The rebel battery moved farther to the rear, and we argued that this was a forerunner of the final results of the day's work. Future events proved the truth of our prophecy.

Captain Thompson followed up his success, and with a wild Western cheer we moved forward half a mile. By the time we arrived near the battery, Capt. Thompson had succeeded in again bringing his pieces to bear upon the enemy. Our brigade was ordered to support Thompson's battery. We lay down in Zonave style, and let the shot, shell, grape and shrapnel pass over. There we lay, just beneath the brow of a little hillock, upon which stood Thompson's six steel pieces, continually pouring death and destruction into the ranks of traitors to their country. If ever a set of beardless youths deserved praise for merited bravery upon a battlefield, it was Capt. Thompson and his men that day. Gunner after gunner was shot down whilst nobly performing his duty. Over 1,100 shots were fired from this battery of six guns, without ever moving them from that hillock. At length the ammunition was expended, and the captain notified Col. Morgan L. Smith, our brigade commander, of the fact. The latter sent two sections of the Chicago artillery to take the place of the 9th. Scarcely had the fresh battery fired a shot, when Thompson started to refill his caissons. This move was misconstrued by the captain of the Chicago Art. into a retreat, and the latter "vamosed the ranche," as they had lost four pieces the day before to the amount of insufficient support. But Morgan L. Smith soon succeeded in bringing them back. We then moved up about 300 yards nearer the enemy, and again laid down—in a ravine this time—where many of our men went to sleep, on account of over fatigue and loss of rest. The artillery kept up an incessant play upon each other, the shots from each crossing and recrossing our regiment. Several in the 9th Iowa, and many of our regiment were injured by the falling branches and tree tops that were being continually lopped off by the iron messengers.

At length Col. Morgan L. Smith came by and told us that as soon as Gen. Buell's force succeeded in driving the enemy to a certain point upon our left he would "advance and go for the battery in front of us." The idea of charging a battery was any thing but pleasant to us, new troops as we were.

By this time the whole length of our lines were engaged; and the noise was deafening in the fullest sense of the term. First one side would waver and fall back, then re-enforcements would arrive and force the successful side to return to their former position. Gen. Sidney A. Johnson's forces were formed in the shape of a letter "L," consequently his reserves were ever near the center and could easily be transferred to either flank in case of overwhelming numbers coming against them. Gen. Grant's lines were formed in three distinct parallels. About 12 o'clock, m., Gen. Buell succeeded in forcing the enemy back upon our left sufficiently to enable us to "go for" the battery in front of us. Co.'s A and K of our own regiment were detailed as skirmishers to advance and pick off the rebel gunners. This accomplished, we advanced in splendid style. Many of the 24th fell during that charge. We succeeded in advancing beyond the rebel battery, and the six steel 32-pounders were ours. We reached the brow of a hill, when we were met by a shower of minie-balls which left many vacant places in our ranks. When Col. Smith called for volunteer skirmishers, more than were required immediately arose; but many of them had to return to line again, because they were not needed. At this juncture (our) Lieut. Col. J. G. Gerber was killed by a cannon ball. About 2 o'clock p. m. the reds began to evacuate our left. Then Gen. Braxton Bragg, with 10,000 Louisiana and Mississippi "tigers," advanced against Lew Wallace's division, *en masse*. They came up until we could count the buttons on their coats, when we "let into them" with our muskets, each loaded with 12 buckshot. The engagement was then hand-to-hand for about 30 minutes, when Bragg's demoralized columns withdrew.

This ended the famed battle of Shiloh, in which the 24th lost in killed and wounded, 57 men. On April 8 began the loathsome task of cleaning up the battle field, taking care of the wounded, burying the dead, etc. We took a stroll over the battle field, which we found was composed of twelve square miles, which had been twice fought over. The power of the pen is inadequate to portray the battle field of Shiloh, where nearly 30,000 men were killed and wounded during those two days' engagement. In all directions were to be seen the ruins caused by rebellion. Time, the great panacea for all things mortal, may deaden the memory of that scene, but never entirely obliterate it.—LEWIS B. JESSUP, Sergt. Co. F, 24th Ind.

Retrospective.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—While reclining in my arm-chair, enfeebled in body but active in mind, my thoughts will dwell on scenes of 25 years ago. Our sojourn at Benton barracks, St. Louis, Mo., where we were drilled until we would almost yell at sight of a drill sergeant. When we finally drew our horses, the drill was changed from "on foot" to "horseback." We entered into this with spirit, for many of the boys had conceived the idea that we were being drilled for infantry. I remember when some of the boys drew overcoats with the short cape, they were commented on as being infantry coats. Finally Co. B drew some bridles that happened to be on hand with the Q. M. A Dutch boy of Co. B was examining his bridle very attentively soon after receiving it, when he blurted out:

"I'm tamped, but if I don't pelieve he's infantry bridles!"

The Dutchman was so impressed with the idea that we were being made infantrymen, that he would not give it up. The poor boy was afterward crushed to death under the hoofs of the charging horses at Cumberland Iron Works.

After Belmont, Grant was under a cloud, as many blamed him for tarrying after driving the rebels faom their camp at Belmont, until his army was nearly surrounded by troops sent from Columbus for the purpose. There is little doubt but Grant, in a measure, was influenced by the wild hilarity of his men's enthusiasm. Many of those from Iowa had stepped, as it were, from their own door-yards into their first battle. In the midst of their jollification they were set upon by double their numbers. The wonder has always been to me that they did not then and there throw down their arms and surrender. But for all their mistaken enthusiasm, they proved to be just as stubborn when it came to the pinch as they were enthusiastic. The 7th Iowa Infy. made a name in less than one hour that day at Belmont that will go ringing down the ages when the actors in it have crumbled to dust. While the republic endures, the deeds of the 7th Iowa at Belmont will be pointed out as an example of the heroism of the American volunteers. Although Grant was undoubtedly remiss in allowing himself to be led away by the wild enthusiasm of his men, he forgot nothing of his duty, going himself to notify the guard at a point on the river to get on board, and came near being himself captured. After this move, from some cause, Halleck was cross in his intercourse with Grant. Not openly disapproving of anything Grant had done; but there is little doubt that a correspondence was in progress at that very time, between Halleck and McClellan in regard to a successor to General Grant for the command of the army before Ft. Donelson; but events transpired with such rapidity at Donelson, that before Halleck could arrange any excuse for relieving Grant, he was electrified with the capture of Donelson with 15,000 prisoners and sixty guns. Halleck did not, however, relinquish his idea of relieving Grant, but in less than one week after the surrender, Grant was under arrest, Gen. Smith was placed in command of the army, and only for the interference of President Lincoln, Grant would have been side-tracked in the face of his triumph at Fort Donelson. Fremont fell just as he was moving in triumph to sweep the rebel army from Missouri, and although Fremont was surrounded by traitors, he was loyal to the core, and if let alone would undoubtedly have got rid of bad advisers and rose to eminence, but the guillotine fell and Fremont's head was sacrificed to political tricksters. Grant had the guillotine hanging over his head for months, and his success at Fort Donelson only kept the ax suspended. Many were trying to spring the trap and let it fall—among them H. W. Halleck, but they had struck a stumbling-block in the quiet humor of the President. When the charge of drunkenness was preferred against Grant, it was just prior to the victory at Ft. Donelson. When the good news flashed over the wires to Washington, Uncle Abe quietly inquired: "I may one know where Grant procured his whisky, as he thought it would be well to supply more of the officers with some of the same brand.

Fort Donelson surrendered with 15,000 men behind what was well-nigh impregnable works, with guns that had disabled and driven away our gun-boat fleet, only to be brought to bay by the bayonets in the hands of Northern volunteers. The 2d Iowa Infy., Col. Tuttle at their head, coolly picking their way over and around obstructions on their formidable 500-yard charge, without firing a gun, must have been a surprise to the "fire eaters" of the South. No wonder the Johnnies looked glum, when stacking their arms they beheld the "Hawkeyes" and "Hoosiers" marching in to take possession. I don't blame them for feeling bad. The idea of 15,000 men, well supplied, in a fort like Donelson, surrendering to an army not twice its number to surrender on any terms looks as though there was either a lack of courage or judgment. How was it with Corse at Alatoona? He and Tourtellotte drove the whole rebel army of Hood away with a few regiments. Suppose the Johnnies had defended Donelson as Corse and Tourtellotte did Alatoona? We might have been pounding at it yet, for we could never have won at Vicksburg, Mission Ridge, and other places. I love all Union soldiers, but I want to see them live in peace here, and after a-while meet them on the other shore.—WILLIAM EDMONDS, Co. C, 4th W. Va. Infy.

He Looked Back.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—At the battle of Bull Run, Gen. Alger met a breathless soldier fleeing with the rest of the army toward Washington. The soldier had a wound on his face.

"That's a bad wound, my man," said the general, as the soldier halted; "where did you get it?"

"Got it at the Bull Run fight yesterday."

"But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?"

"Well, sir," said the man, half apologetically, "I got careless and looked back."—B. C. F.

Camp Kettles Again.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I see that Comrade Edmonds, of the 4th W. Va. Infy., has just as good as acknowledged that he was one of the boys of the 4th that helped themselves to our camp kettles and their contents at Pt. Pleasant, in 1863. I am glad the comrade "owns the corn;" and he is right when he says that they never took anything that they could not carry, for if one of them could not carry it a thousand of them would come to his relief, and it had to go, no matter if it was a hog, or a sheep, or a bee-gum, or anything they happened to want. Well, I can't blame the boys much if they did court-martial and put to death the saucy and insubordinate chickens that disturbed their rest at night. But, comrade, let me ask you: have you "feathered out" yet? My regiment would never take anything, not even a chicken, or I expect I should have feathered out long ago. Of course, comrade, we have no need of camp kettles now; but, thanks to the editor, we can have a great deal of pleasure in recalling the many amusing things that occurred to us, and in sympathizing with our comrades that endured the fatigues and hardships of war with us. Come down, comrade, and we will hunt up an oyster can, make some coffee, sonk our hardtack, and see who can tell the biggest yarn. There are still a good many of us Yanks among the hills of West Virginia, and we are sound to the core!—JOHN H. HESS, Co. D, 13th W. Va. Vol. Infy.

Information Wanted.

☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines, one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

Wanted—Information of Joshua Hammond, last heard of in Kenan, Gunnison Co., Colorado, where he lost a leg some years ago. Information as to whether he is dead or alive, will be thankfully received by Mrs. SOPHIA HAMMOND, (care of Mrs. Dalley) No. 93 Dudley street, Bilston, Staffordshire, England; or William Hammond, corner Starr avenue and East Broadway, Toledo, Ohio.

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day, persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud.

The unsuspecting purchaser, who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

The Sunday School.

Christ at Jacob's Well.

LESSON V., SUNDAY, AUGUST 2, 1891.

Golden Text: Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—Rev. 22:17.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 4:5-26.)

5. Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph.

6. Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour.

7. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, give me to drink.

8. (For his disciples were gone away unto the city to buy meat.)

9. Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, how is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.

10. Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.

11. The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou that living water?

12. Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?

13. Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again:

14. But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

15. The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw.

16. Jesus saith unto her, Go, call thy husband, and come hither.

17. The woman answered and said, I have no husband. Jesus said unto her, Thou hast said well, I have no husband:

18. For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband: in that saidst thou truly.

19. The woman saith unto him, Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet.

20. Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship.

21. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.

22. Ye worship ye know not what; we know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews.

23. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.

24. God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

25. The woman saith unto him, I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ: when he is come he will tell us all things.

26. Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am he.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

So he cometh to a city of Samaria (v. 5). Not alone to those who already have a good name, but to those who lack it, Jesus draws near. The blessing of his approach is granted to some who scorn him, as well as to some who have no thought about him. He who would be like Jesus must find his way, in a loving spirit, along paths of duty that lead near to the homes of the outcast and the despised. He whose home is deemed unworthy of a visit from those who draw sharp lines between the respectable and disreputable, may yet look for the coming of Jesus, whose mission it is to seek and save the lost.

Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink (v. 7). It is sometimes a proof of love to ask a favor of another. We may in that way show our confidence, show that we are willing to receive and to acknowledge as a gift that which we would not accept unless from one whom we trusted perfectly. Only whenever Jesus asks a service of one of his followers, he shows his loving confidence accordingly. Not only ought we to be prompt to respond to such a request from Jesus, but we ought to be grateful that he has consented to honor us by making it.

How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a Samaritan woman? (v. 9.) It was a pity that party lines were so strong in those days that it seemed strange for a Jew to be willing to ask a drink of water from a Samaritan. It is a greater pity that there is so much of the same bigotry of opinion and bitterness of caste and of denominational feeling among those who are called Christians at the present time. Of course, none of us show any such sinful exclusiveness as this; but those other people do,—up North, or down South, or out West, or over yonder. And there is quite too much of this feeling in—our sister denominations.

If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink—(v. 10.) God does not tell us in advance when he plans his best gifts for us, nor in what shape our choicest opportunities are to present themselves. Both those who minister to and those who reject the son of man in their daily life, will ask in wonder, in the day of final disclosure, "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison?" And the answer will come, "When ye saw thus one of the least of these, my brethren." If only we knew the gift of God, and who it is that asks truly in the name of the crucified one, how ready we should be to improve our opportunities! But the only way to be sure of never missing such a privilege is to be ever in the spirit of readiness to minister lovingly to those who may be Christ's representatives. Thus, indeed, we can learn the lesson Christ teaches to all of his followers:

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life (v. 14). It is not that those who are followers of Jesus shall never have a sense of thirst and of its refreshing, but it is that they shall never have a sense of thirst without the means of its refreshing. The supply they need shall be within their reach at all times. Jesus himself had thirst, but he never thirsted hopelessly. So it may be, so it is, with all those who are sharers of the love and of the life of Jesus. Here in the flesh there will come weariness and thirst, but the refreshing which the body and the soul require shall always be available. The assurance of Jesus has never failed one who rested on it; nor will it fail while eternity endures.

Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet (v. 19). There is no way by which God can more surely convince the sons of men that he is God, than by his disclosure of his knowledge of their inner selves as they are. Hence the best evidence of the truth of the Bible is the evidence which the Bible itself supplies in its discernment of every man's character and history and needs. If any man doubts the divine authorship of the Bible, let him turn to the Bible for the settlement of that question. Said one who had looked to the Bible in questioning at this very point: "I tell you that only the One who made my heart could ever have written what is in that Book, about my heart." He who opens his ear to the discerning words of Jesus about himself as he is, will be ready to cry out with the woman of Samaria: "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet."

Salvation is from the Jews (v. 22). While Jesus did not consent to waste time in discussion over unimportant denominational differences, he did not propose to trade an opinion on essential truth. He declared that, according to God's plan, there was salvation in only one way, and that that way had been disclosed to and by the Jews. None of us have any right to claim a greater breadth than Jesus showed, or to ignore the importance of a truth to which he gave emphasis. Salvation is the gift of God—in the line of the Bible teachings. It is open to all who will receive it in God's way of offering it. The Jews were, and are, and are to be, a people honored of God, and honored of all those who intelligently honor God. And the truth which was declared to and by the Jews, is the truth on which we must rest our hopes for the life that is, and for the life that is to come.—[H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.

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NOT A MATCH-BOX.

His Little Bluff Only Cost Him Another Half Dollar.

A recent German paper gives an account of a man who strayed into a "charity bazar" and he had a trying experience.

He had made several unsatisfactory purchases, not knowing how to refuse the demands of the pretty saleswomen, and at last, to prove that he could make one sensible investment, he bought a small match-box and carried it off in triumph and in haste.

Examining it after he had left the booth, he discovered that there was no place on which to light the matches.

So, with the air of one determined not to be cheated, he marched back to the young lady of whom he had bought the box.

"There is a mistake here," he said. "You sold me this pocket match-box, and there is no place on it to scratch the matches."

"Oh, dear sir," said the young lady, "you are quite right. I made a mistake. That is intended for a jewel box and costs 50 cents more, if you please."

"And what did you do?" asked a friend to whom he related his tale of woe.

"If you've ever been to a fair," replied the other, in an aggravated tone, "you know very well what I did. I paid the 50 cents, of course!"

JULY LILIES.

July has climbed the mountain,—
Stately her step and free,
With lilies crowned and sceptered
She queens it royally.
Fair to her sky-roofed palace,
All in their gala dress,—
Their homage leal to render
The flower-folk crowd and press.

About her presence chamber,
All paved with softest moss,
Are scattered her little bearers;
Above, below, across,
Earth a shining carpet spreads
Uplifted in his hand,
In broken lines of splendor,
Her monntain lillies stand.

Hid in a belfry chamber
I mark them glow and shine
Against the dusky background
Of Hemlock, fir and pine;—
Torch-bearers of the lodges
Saluting from aloft
Their kindred of the lowlands,
In meadow and in croft.
The sumptuous meadow-lillies,
Light poised on curved stem,
Not solomon in glory
Was e'er arrayed like them;
The tawny road-side lillies,
So stately and so tall,
That left the dusty highway,
And top the orchard wall;

The regal garden lillies,
With orange fire that blaze,
Or gleam in snowy splendor,
Fit theme of post lays,
July may choose for scepter,
And for her royal dress,
But only her wild lillies
She wears upon her breast.
—[Avis Grey.

The Power of Music.

I am tempted to quote a clever *jeu d'esprit* which I came upon—of all places in the world—in a note to my old favorite, Sir Thomas Browne. I really think it good enough to find a place in the most admirable collection extant of occasional verse, Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson's "Lyra-Elegantiarum" (4). I should not venture to quote it if it were now to be found anywhere except in this note to the "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," which is not precisely a popular book:

When Orpheus went down to the regions below
To see,
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tuned up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Eurydice free.
All fell under the power of a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far—but how vast their surprise,
When they found that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due for his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquished his heart,
And pleased with his playing so well,
He took her again, in reward of his art;
Such power had music in hell!
—[Pall Mall Budget.

A Blessed Country.

"This seems to be exactly the k

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A FINANCE PRIMER.

30.—The Bank of England.

The security of note-holders of our national banks rests upon the simple principle of securing the notes completely by a pledge of saleable property. The security of the notes of the Bank of England is upon a much more complicated system; it being partly specie and partly other securities. This famous institution owes its origin to the financial difficulties of the English government in 1694, while carrying on war with France. The act creating it provided for the loan of £1,200,000 at 8 per cent. interest to the English government, by certain persons who who were incorporated as the "Governor and Company of the Bank of England." This title has never been changed.

The original charter has been greatly modified since then. In 1696 it was revised, and it was after that allowed to issue bank notes payable on demand, and received a practical monopoly as a bank of issue for England, but not for Scotland and Ireland. This monopoly was further confirmed by act of Parliament in 1807, and the final revision of its charter was made in 1844. By this last act, Parliament undertook the task of making Bank of England notes perfectly secure to the holders, and to limit the issue of all other bank notes in England and Wales.

To accomplish this the Bank of England was divided into two departments—the issue department and the banking department. The former has absolute and entire control of the issue and redemption of its notes; the latter transacts the other two functions of banking—discount and deposit. These two departments are as independent of each other as though they belonged to different corporations. For all notes issued by it, the issue department is required to hold either government bonds, or coin, or bullion. The original act limited its holdings to £14,000,000 of government bonds; hence all its circulation in excess of that must be secured by a reserve of gold, either in coin or bullion, in its vaults.

Is it the policy of English legislation to keep down the issue of paper money within absolutely safe limits. The smallest note issued by the Bank of England is for £5, or nearly $25, which is a denomination entirely too large to allow it to be used in ordinary retail transactions. This gives occasion for a very large circulation of sovereigns. A sovereign is a gold coin of the value of £1 ($4.86), and all smaller sums are paid in silver.

There has been, since 1844, however, a considerable change of opinion in business circles, as to what should be the lowest denomination of notes. The convenience of the one pound note, which has long been in use in Scotland, has made a strong impression; and it is highly probable that the time is not far distant when the Bank of England will issue them. It will be remembered that the cables a few weeks ago discussed this point.

Since the passage of the act of 1844 there has never been any question as to the perfect security of Bank of England notes. In point of fact, such a note is practically the same as a gold certificate, entitling the holder to that much gold actually lying in the bank vaults. The question of the issue of notes is consequently merely one of the preference of the public for coin or for paper.

The bank of England derives its commanding importance from its being the center or clearing house of a great system of joint stock and private banks. All the principal London banks keep their chief reserves on deposit in the Bank of England, as a private person might do. They retain in their own vaults only such sums of money as are needed for the demands of the moment, and draw on or deposit in the Bank of England when necessary. The position of this bank then is one of great importance.

It holds in its charge the solvency of English banks in general, the safety of the business public, and the credit of the English government. It has in its hands the financial safety of the whole community, and the real leadership of the money market. Its position with regard to the finances of the business of the whole country is somewhat analogous to that which the banks of New York city hold toward the whole of the United States. The chief point of difference is, that its responsibility is not divided, as in the latter case.

It must be remembered, however, that though the position of the Bank of England is one of enormous responsibility, it is not a government institution. It has a practical monopoly of the right to issue notes in England and Wales, in which countries its notes are a legal-tender. It is the chief depository of the government, which unlike us, keeps and maintains no public treasury. It keeps the registry of the public debt of England, and pays the interest thereon; yet it is merely a private corporation of the ordinary type, managed by officers in whose selection the government has no share, and whose responsibility is only to the bank's share-holders.

SHERMAN ON THE CURRENCY.

Senator SHERMAN'S recent letter upon the currency question and the free silver agitation is absolutely sound. The positions he takes are impregnable. There is one point made in his letter which cannot be too strongly insisted upon. He says that "the unreasonable demand for the free coinage of silver has nothing to do with the reasonable demand for the increase of the volume of money required by the increase of business and population of the United States." Here is the vital point in the entire silver controversy. The argument of the free silver men is, that we have not enough money in the country, and that the only way to get it is to have unlimited free coinage of silver.

Senator SHERMAN is perfectly willing to agree to the first half of this statement—that the country needs an increase in the amount of money—but it does not follow, as he says, that to agree to the first necessarily requires an agreement as to the latter. We may all assent to the proposition that the country needs more money, but it does not follow that we must therefore accept a plan which every one who has studied the financial question thoroughly must admit to be fraught with great dangers to our entire financial system.

The entire stock in trade of the free silver agitator as to argument may be boiled down as follows: First, he expands at great length on the terrible need which exists for a large increase of currency, and dwells with much persistency on the per capita argument; then he denounces certain people whom he calls "gold bugs" for demonetizing silver in 1873; then he relates, with the lavish use of abuse, how the aforesaid "gold bugs" have, ever since, monopolized the supply of money, and declares that they will do so so long as "Wall street sharks" are allowed to control the finances of the country; then he draws, without much logic it must be confessed, the conclusion that more silver is what the country needs, that free coinage is the only way to get more silver, and therefore the only hope of the farmer of getting his per capita share of money is through the free and ultimate coinage of 76-cent silver dollars.

All this is absurd enough to people who know the facts and who are informed as to the financial systems of the world; but it is accepted as the exact truth by many people in the South and West, and all the more readily because in those sections there is a lack of banking facilities, as well as an absence of enough home capital to carry on their business without calling in the aid of borrowed money from the East.

Hence it is very important to make the distinction which Senator SHERMAN does between the unreasonable demand for free silver coinage and the reasonable demand for the increase in the volume of the currency. As to the latter, there is need of still another distinction. It is not so much the need of more currency in the country as it is the need of more money in individual hands. There is, we verily believe, plenty of money in the country to carry on all its business. There is a lack, however, and always has been, of currency in the hands of individuals in those portions of the country which are just being brought under cultivation.

This lack always exists, for a generation or two, in such communities. This need is among men who, lacking capital to buy and to stock farms, took up homesteads, or bought the land on credit, and then mortgaged their lands and improvements or their live stock and crops to get the money to enter into the business of farming; and if the amount of money in the United States were doubled to-day it would not help them materially. They would still be in debt, and there would be no honest means of getting out of debt except by earning the money necessary to do so. The free coinage of silver would not help them in the least. On the contrary, the financial shock it would bring, and the general disturbance of values consequent on shifting our present money standard from the present gold dollar to a 76-cent silver one, would injure them in many ways.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION IN IOWA.

The Iowa Democrats are in hot water over the liquor plank in their platform. That document, as reported to the convention and adopted by that body, declares in favor of the repeal of the prohibitory law and the substitution of a law providing from annual license of $500, payable to the state, and a further tax, if deemed necessary, for the use of the county or municipality. When, however, the platform was read by voters over the state, there went up a howl. There are thousands of Democrats in Iowa who are Prohibitionists, and who are as bitterly opposed to license as it is possible to be. The state committee saw breakers ahead, and inserted in the platform a local option clause, to give prohibition to communities which favored it, and making license the rule elsewhere.

A hot controversy is raging throughout the state on this matter. The facts, so far as we can ascertain them, are exactly as given above. One member of the resolutions committee, WILLIAM P. DANIELS, of Cedar Rapids, attempts to explain the matter by saying that a number of different resolutions on the liquor question were placed in the hands of the committee, and that the copy which was read to the convention was type-written from the original, made by himself; and of this original he says:

> This copy was hastily made by myself by making the necessary changes in original resolutions when possible; the one on the liquor question which I used did not originally contain the "local option" clause, but this with the prefix adopted and the change of the word "demand" to "favor" were penciled in by me, or, if omitted, was an error of my own.

That is to say, he took a draft of the resolution not containing the local option clause, which was lying on the table of the committee, and undertook to change it to conform to the Democratic plank of two years ago; that it, together with the other resolutions of the platform, were given to a type-writer, who copied it; and that the local option clause was neither in the original, nor in the type-writer's copy. The latter was read to the convention, adopted by it, and stands today as the announcement of the position of the Iowa Democrats on the liquor question. What right has Mr. DANIELS, or any one else, to say that it was the intention of the committee to insert a local option clause, and to assume that the convention would have adopted it as readily as a state license plank? The whole attempt is plainly an afterthought, the result of the protest coming up from Democratic Prohibitionists all over Iowa.

The effort to change the platform as adopted by the convention is palpably a failure. In their attempt to doctor the resolution, the committee has only made it contradictory and absurd. So far as the liquor question is concerned, the campaign in Iowa will be between prohibition and license. The Republican stands by the law as it is at present; the Democratic platform demands its repeal, and promises to substitute a license law in its stead. While there are some Republicans who may be disaffected on this account, and will not vote their party ticket, their numbers will be more than offset by the Democrats who believe in the present prohibitory law, and who spurn with indignation any attempt to expunge it from the statute book.

The attempt to inject a local option clause into the Democratic platform will fail, because every friend of Prohibition in Iowa knows that the Democratic leaders and managers are not in favor of that modification of Prohibition. They do not want even genuine local option. What they intended in the convention, and what they intend now, is to give immunity to the saloon. Any liquor legislation which a Democratic legislature in Iowa would enact, will be dictated by the Rum Power, because it controls the party organization of that state. The strongest stay of that party is the support given by the liquor men to it in its campaigns. If the Rum Power were to cease to be the partner and ally of Democracy in any election, it would be doomed to certain defeat.

The party is run by the cities, and the men in control are hand-in-glove with the liquor element. In the rural districts there is a strong Prohibition element in the Democratic ranks. The indications are now that this element will be disaffected, and refuse to support the party ticket of the Ottumwa platform. From this fact, we are inclined to take a hopeful view, and to predict their secession will lead to Republican success, to strengthen the hands of those who are endeavoring to keep the saloon of Iowa and to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE PRICE OF SILVER.

The silver agitators at Washington are considerably discouraged because the price of bar silver obstinately remains at nearly the same level. Whatever variation there is, is due primarily to the fluctuations of India exchange in London. There has been a slight movement within the past two weeks, but purely speculative in its character. Silver took a little spurt, but slumped promptly down to its old level. It will be remembered that these gentlemen brought very strong pressure to bear on President HARRISON at the time of the passage of the silver law last year, to influence him to sign the bill. They declared that the purchase monthly of 4,500,000 ounces of silver by the government, which is practically the output of the American mines, would bring silver up to par with gold at the present coinage ratio, and keep it there.

Never were prophets so discomfited. They were probably perfectly sincere in believing that such result would follow; but the outcome shows how fearfully they were mistaken. There was a boom in silver at that time, but it was made by speculators. The high price was entirely artificial, and it soon dropped down to the normal. The fallacy in their belief was that they supposed that the efforts of this country alone could lift the price of silver all over the world, in defiance of the law of supply and demand. As long as more silver is mined and put on the market than the world needs, the price will not rise to a parity with gold, nor could free coinage operate to produce this result. At present we buy all, or nearly all, the silver our own mines produce, and immediately put it into circulation in the shape of treasury notes. We fail to see, if it were coined into silver dollars, how any change would be made in the price of silver.

The last little spurt in the price of bar silver brought it up to $1.02½ per ounce. It has fallen now to about $1.00¾ cents. The recent offerings of silver to the government have been very heavy, showing that the bullion is seeking the market. The speculation which pushed the price up was of European origin and was represented in New York by a large foreign banking house. It began operations several weeks ago when silver was standing at about 98 cents per ounce. This house began buying quietly and had about 2,000,000 ounces purchased, when their plans to corner the white metal met with an unlooked for obstacle.

Other people in New York who knew nothing whatever of the fact that a corner in silver was impending, began to figure on the probabilities of a demand for silver in Europe to pay for India wheat. They subsequently began buying also and the price went up to $1.02@1.03. This did not suit the European pool engineers, who had it in mind to control the silver market in the fall when there would be a heavy demand for the India trade. Consequently orders were given to cut the price down, and about one million ounces were thrown on the market in New York and also in London. The idea is to depress the market sufficiently to enable the pool to buy enough at a low figure to control prices a month or two later.

"MCKINLEY PRICES" ON PRINTS.

It is a remarkable fact that none of the free trade papers dare produce the figures to prove their continual, parrot-like cry, that the new tariff has raised the prices of the necessaries of life. The York *Dry Goods Economist* is a trade paper devoted entirely to the dry goods trade. It finds its patronage entirely among dry goods men, and its market report of prices of the different varieties of articles imported under the term "dry goods," are recognized as correct by retail dealers all over the United States, from whom the great bulk of the patronage comes. Politically, however, that journal is the organ of the New York importers, who are free traders, because it would largely increase the importing business. Hence the New York *Press*, in referring to the files of the *Economist* and taking therefrom the prices of different goods, cannot be charged with having obtained its figures from a protectionist source. In a recent issue, the *Press* discusses the charge that the new tariff law has increased the price of "the working-girl's dress," and proceeds to show by the wholesale prices, taken from the *Economist*, that the charge is false. It gives in the first column the wholesale prices as published by the *Economist* in its issue of April 5, 1890, six months before the new tariff law went into effect, and in the second column the prices of the same goods, taken from the same source, in its issue for the second week in July. We reproduce the figures below:

PRICES OF PRINT GOODS BEFORE THE NEW TARIFF PASSED, COMPARED WITH THEIR PRESENT PRICES.

Trade name of the several kinds of goods.	Price six months before new Tariff.	Price now under new Tariff.
Prints.		
Allen's pink checks	6 @ 6½	5½
Allen's shirtings	4¾@ 5	4
Allen's TR grounds	6¼	5¾
American indigo blue	6¾	6
American shirting	5 @ 5½	4½
Anchor shirting	5 @ 5¾	4¾
Arnold long cloth C	9	8½
Berlin solids	6	5
Berlin red, 3-4	7½	7
Berlin red, 4-4	11	10
Berlin red, 4-4 XXXX	17	12½@16½
Cocheco AX twills	6¾	6¼
Cocheco madders	5½@ 5¾	4¾
Charter Oak fancies	6 @ 6¼	4
Eddystone fancy	6½	6
Eddystone chocolate	6½	6
Eddystone sateen	6½	6
Eddystone robes	7 @ 7½	6½@ 6

Here is proof positive, whose authority cannot be denied, that the wholesale price of print goods such as the mass of workaday people chiefly buy, are lower now than they were before the new tariff bill was passed. This settles the cry that the tariff has increased the price of this class of goods. The lowering of the price is undeniable; the free traders say that the tariff increased prices. We ask for a proof that it is so, or for any tangible evidence to destroy the correctness of the above figures.

VISITING GRANDMAMMA.

The magnificent reception which England gave to the young Kaiser WILHELM is the current topic of public interest all over Europe at the present time. Of course the young emperor put his visit upon the ground of the affection he holds for his grandmother, Queen VICTORIA; but this by no means satisfies the diplomats of Europe. They look beyond it for a further reason; and that there is one, they gather from the elaborate nature of the ceremonies attendant upon his reception.

Then again the young Kaiser affixed his signature to the Triple Alliance after he had actually started on his way from Berlin to London; and the fact of his visit coming immediately after the conclusion of that treaty, is taken to signify that England is to become either a silent partner in the *dreibund*, or that her international policy is to be in sympathy with it. This naturally causes much feeling in France. France and England should naturally be allies, and together they would be strong enough to compel peace in Europe and to dictate the terms upon which it is to be maintained. But if England, swayed by the German sympathy of her rulers, shall give her support to the Triple Alliance, then France will probably endeavor to form an alliance with Russia. A Franco-Russian alliance has been talked of, but has gone no further. There is no bond of sympathy between the two countries other than the natural desire of both for hostilities—the one to wipe out the disgrace of Sedan, the other to extend her frontier to Bosphorus—and the common hatred of the two toward Germany.

Whether an alliance between these two countries shall ever be formed, time alone can tell. Just now the student of European politics notes the fact that the English press, as a rule, takes the ground that the friendship between England and Germany amounts to a tacit alliance, while the spirit of the German press can be judged from an article in the North German *Zeitung* which discusses, first, the peace loving propensities of the two people, and the affinities of race existing between them, then says:

> Nowhere are German and English interests opposed. It is in England's interest to support the *dreibund*, which is directed against nations equally inimical to her as to us, and which are menacing her in regions which are the very pillar of her greatness.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY WIZARD.

The wizards in whom people so devotedly believed during the Dark Ages, were supposed to have evil spirits at their command, by whose aid they worked various marvels. THOMAS ALVA EDISON certainly merits the title of the wizard of the nineteenth century, because he has, through his inventive genius, brought the powers of nature under control, that they may be used under human direction for the world's benefit. Probably it was more accident than anything else which led

Thomas A. Edison

his mind in the direction of electricity. Starting in life as a train-boy, he soon became familiar with the use of the telegraph in moving trains, etc., naturally gravitated in that direction, and became a telegraph operator. With his restless inventiveness, he immediately set to work for the improvement of telegraphic apparatus; and from this the passage into the broader field of electrical engineering and then into the still broader one of all the natural forces, was quite easy and natural.

EDISON'S inventive genius is so prolific that it is difficult to keep pace with it. Very few people have any idea of the hundreds of patents he has taken out, by far the greater number of which are but steps in the process of the evolution of something which is to come in the future. Visitors to the World's Fair at Chicago will certainly find the building devoted to electric appliances a rich field of interest, and it is not too much to say that the display which will be made by EDISON alone will cover at least three-fourth of the exhibits.

NEBRASKA'S WEALTH.

The Omaha *Bee* of July 12 makes a two-page exhibit of the wealth and resources of Nebraska. On the subject of deposits in all the banks of that state, the *Bee* says:

> The total sum of money on deposit in the banks of Nebraska exceeds $50,000,000. It is in excess of $47 per capita. The per capita of the total circulating medium, gold, silver and bank or treasury notes in the United States is about $24. In other words the people of Nebraska have twice as much money in bank subject to check per capita as the people of the entire union have money for the transaction of business.
>
> This is a most significant fact, and speaks volumes for the resources of the state and the character of the people. The bulk of the population of Nebraska is engaged in agricultural or kindred pursuits. The year just passed has been unfavorable for crops, and in preceding years prices of farm products have ranged below the average. Nebraska is a new state and her people have been necessarily borrowers to a large extent because they were engaged in developing new territory. In face of these untoward circumstances the actual figures of saving are phenomenal.
>
> In view of the discussions which have confused our well informed people upon the relative financial condition of the farming community of Nebraska and the west these figures are of especial importance. They give the lie direct to the malevolent misstatements of demagogues and prove what every thinking man in the state has believed, namely that in spite of recent discouraging experiences this state is far above the average in financial prosperity.
>
> Deposits in the banks represent the actual surplus of cash. They are not clearing house credits or hypothetical assets. Nebraska has but two considerable cities and no other great manufacturing or commercial centers. The bank deposits are not, therefore, the temporary receipts from large transactions, but the results from years of economy and successful business energy.
>
> Nebraska has reason to be of immense wealth. These savings are consequently the accumulation of the many and not of the few. They are merely the beginnings of the future wealth that manufacturing and commerce are building up in this commonwealth. Our savings in these dull times, after years of small profits, are remarkable. What will the per capita of deposits in banks be when we have achieved the development of fifty years instead of twenty-five?

THE OHIO FREE TRADE PLANK.

We do not know who claims the honor of having written the anti-tariff plank in the Ohio Democratic platform, but whoever it was, he has managed language deftly. The essential portion of that plank is the following entence:

> We * * * believe in a tariff levied for the sole purpose of producing a revenue sufficient to defray the legitimate expenses of the government, economically administered.

In this is the statement that tariff duties are to be levied "for the sole purpose of producing revenues." Any duty which is in the slightest degree protective; any duty which gives an American manufacturer one cent of advantage against a foreign manufacturer could not come under it, but every duty, even when not sufficient to render the manufacture or the production profitable in this country, is to be abolished. Any duty, no matter how small, on any such article, is certainly protective as far as it goes; consequently the Democrats of Ohio say that no duty shall be levied on any imported article which is also produced or manufactured in this country. Therefore, this plank means, if it means anything, that duties are to be levied on such articles as are not produced in this country.

Now, to raise the two hundred million and more dollars every year which it is necessary to obtain by a duty on imports. There must be very heavy duties on this class of articles, those which do not come into competition with American farmers and manufacturers. If this plank were carried out in legislation, it would be necessary to put a heavy duty on tea, coffee, on all tropical fruits, on cocoa, on dye stuffs, on foreign woods, on quinine and on sugar. Meanwhile the farmers of Canada would find a near market for their barley, their hay, their horses; Canadian lumber men for their lumber, and the wheat markets of Duluth, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis would be flooded with wheat from Winnepeg and Manitoba, which would come in free of duty.

That is what the Ohio platform means; that is the sort of revenue tariff which the party of Ohio has pledged itself to support. This is entirely in consonance with the British plan. We are not without suspicion that possibly Hon. FRANK HURD had something to do with the wording of this tariff plank, for Mr. HURD believes thoroughly in the British idea of high duties on imported articles which we can not and do not produce in sufficient quantities to supply our own needs.

What are the prospects that the people of Ohio will adopt this plan? The free traders assert that the Democrats elected 14 out of 21 Congressmen last fall on the tariff issue. Beg pardon, but they did not; that was the result of the scoundrelly gerrymander, and not the result of any change in public opinion. The true test is on the vote for state officers; and the Republicans on the tariff issue carried the state last November by 10,000 and over. Free trade was defeated in Ohio in 1890, and it will meet with a worse defeat in this year of grace 1891.

THE FARMERS' CANNED GOODS.

Congressman YODER, who recently displayed his ignorance in greater quantities than he had ever been suspected of having concealed about him, said that the Ohio farmers are dissatisfied, and will feel "the burden of the outrage of the McKinley bill when they come to purchase canned goods for winter's use." To which the Washington *Post* replies:

> It is quite likely that when the Ohio farmers come to lay in their supply of canned chicken, canned reed birds, canned condensed milk, and other canned goods on which they exist they will feel the force of ex-Congressman Yoder's remarks.
>
> Seriously, Congressman YODER'S remarks are silly. He has quite as much of a faculty for embroidering the truth as many of his brethren. No one would suspect him of it to look at him. He appears like an honest farmer, and it is evident that the anticipation of getting himself into a New York paper swelled his head and obliterated his bump of truthfulness.
>
> Ohio farmers scarcely ever purchase much canned fruit. They raise their own fruit, and with sugar away below what it has ever been before, are this year putting up more berries and preserves of all sorts than any past year. Tin cans are slightly higher than they were in May, but are no higher than before the tariff went into effect. The rise in tin cans is due entirely to a demand, greater than ever, at this time of year. Owing to the cheapness of sugar the demand for cans has exceeded that of any previous year.
>
> The Ohio farmer will have canned fruit to sell this year, thanks to the McKinley bill. Congressman YODER should stop in his state long enough to know what is going on.

AGAINST UNLIMITED GREENBACKS.

It is a pleasure to note that the Southern farmers are coming to their senses on the sub-treasury scheme. A convention of Alliance men, opposed to it and the land-loan plan, was held at Forth Worth, Texas, on July 11, and adopted a series of strong resolutions, in which they took the ground that the sub-treasury and land-loan scheme, and the governmental ownership of railways, are all violations of the first principle of good government, paternal in their character, and centralizing in their tendencies; and then they give a very practical reason why they should not be adopted, when they declare that if they were, they would create such a horde of federal office-holders as would fasten the clutches of whatever party happened to be in power so firmly that it would be impossible to unseat it.

Their resolutions call loudly upon all honest members of the Alliance in the United States to unite with them in putting down these schemes; and to this end, they call for a national convention of all Alliance men opposed to them, to meet in St. Louis, on September 15 next. This means another split in the Alliance. We rejoice to see that at least a portion of the members of the Alliance have taken the sober second thought and have determined to oppose the crazy schemes of some of its demagogic leaders. There is quite a difference between sympathizing with the Alliance and with whatever hardships the farmers suffer, and sympathizing with the wild and impracticable schemes proposed by demagogues for relief.

SPEAKERSHIP INDICATIONS.

The fight for the Speakership of the next House of Representatives appears to have resolved itself into a three-cornered struggle among MILLS, of Texas; CRISP, of Georgia, and SPRINGER, of Illinois. As "the South"—that is, the Bourbon element of the states which formed the Southern Confederacy—claim that the Speakership should come to their section, we may regard it as exceedingly doubtful whether Mr. SPRINGER, who comes from a Northern state, stands any show. In this case the fight will be between CRISP and MILLS, and its outcome may be taken as indicating what the Democrats of the next House intend to do on the tariff question.

If MILLS is selected, he will appoint a committee on Ways and Means which will report a complete new tariff bill, cutting down the duties far below the line of protection. If Mr. CRISP is the winner, we may expect to see an attack upon the present tariff law by means of individual bills, each reducing the tariff on some product of entirely Northern industries. As this is the understood programme, we await the determination of the Speakership contest with considerable interest.

GOLD WILL COME BACK.

The opinion seems to be prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic that the gold we have exported during the last six months will surely come back to us this fall. The London *Statist*, a financial paper of high authority, in discussing the accumulation of gold in England and the prospect of its retention, says:

> It must be borne in mind, however, that there is widespread disquiet not only at home but abroad that gold will be locked up when least expected, and especially that the demands of the United States in the autumn are incalculable. Many well-informed persons believe that the money market in the United States will prove to be easier than most other persons think likely, and that, therefore, the American demand will be much smaller than has been supposed. It would be unsafe, however, to act on that hypothesis. The wisest course will be to assume that, as the United States have lost fully £12,000,000 sterling of gold in the first half of this year, they will take back at least a considerable portion of that amount in the last half of the year.

This ought to silence the voices of some Eastern croakers who think that instead of the gold returning to us, American securities which are held abroad will be sent over to settle the trade balance in our favor. There is not a word of this in the *Statist* article, and American credit stands too high with investors to render it at all probable that it will be so.

ABANDONED FARMS.

The statistics of abandoned farms in New Jersey are quite instructive. The bureau of Statistics of that state has gathered them at considerable expense. The total number of farms reported abandoned in the whole state is 813, which is less than 1 per cent of the improved acreage of the state. Many of the farms so reported, however, are not entirely deserted, simply not being cultivated, and used for other purposes. Reasons were given for the abandonment in 256 cases.

Only 13 of these were because of mortgages; only 9 because of taxation; death, ignorance, and poor management were the causes in 26 cases; and the remaining 210 farms were abandoned because of worn out soil and poor location. There is nothing in these statistics to give much hope to the "calamity howlers," to the Alliance craze, nor to the free trade enthusiasts who attribute everything in the way of trouble among the farmers to the tariff. The only lesson to be learned from this is that thrift and good judgment are as necessary to carry on farming successfully as they are in any other business.

A NEW FEATURE.

A Series of Good Short Stories by Noted Authors.

In our series of single-number stories, by noted English writers, the one given to-day is "The Fly's Web," by Mrs. L. B. WALFORD, author of "The Baby's Grandmother," "The Havoc of a Smile," etc. Mrs. WALFORD is a very popular novelist, both in England and America. Her work constantly appears serially in the best magazines.

Next week we will publish an excellent story, entitled

"A BOHEMIAN SCANDAL,"

By CONAN DOYLE, author of "Micah Clarke," "At the Sight of Four," etc. This author's "White Company," now running in the New York *Sun* (Sunday edition), is commended by that paper as "the story of the year."

The succeeding stories to follow, as far as arranged, are as follows:

Aug. 6.—"Is It a Man?" by J. M. Barrie, whose recent novel, "A Window in Thrums," created so great a sensation last spring among English readers.

Aug. 13.—"Quite Impossible," by W. E. Norris, author of "My Friend Jim," "A Bachelor's Blunder," etc.

This is an excellent series of stories, good for any time, but especially adapted for reading during warm weather. We hope our friends will appreciate it.

A cablegram from London, on July 12, says that the closing of the great Welsh tin plate factories created a great sensation in that city. The closing was the result of an agreement in order to keep up the price, for so much tin plate had been run across the Atlantic that our market here was overstocked. Now that American tin plate is beginning to appear on our market, there is a division of sentiment among the Welsh tin plate men as to what their future course shall be. A portion of them are in favor of keeping the mills closed, or at least restricting production, so as to keep the prices up; others are in favor of running the mills at their full capacity, and cutting the price down, so as to check the building of tin plate mills in the United States. It matters very little on this side of the Atlantic what they do. That the United States will hereafter manufacture the bulk of its own tin plate is a fixed fact.

THE Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* publishes statements made by ex Governor D. H. GOODELL, of New Hampshire, which are of great interest in the discussion of the tariff question. That gentleman is a manufacturer of cutlery in the town of Antrim, that state, and he presents the following facts:

> "Since January 1, 1891, his establishment has increased its product and sales thirty-seven and one-half per cent as compared with the corresponding period last year. The same comparison shows a reduction in price of ten per cent. Governor GOODELL'S establishment does not produce pocket cutlery. Up to this time the price of this class of goods has not declined; neither has it advanced; but the output has largely increased. These are facts that free traders may well think about before formulating a fresh budget of lies."

THE art of money-getting, according to the late P. T. BARNUM, is summed up hereunder: "Don't drink; don't be above your business; don't mistake your vocation; select the right location; avoid debt; persevere; whatever you do, do with all your might; depend upon your own personal exertions; use the best tools; don't scatter your powers; be systematic; read the newspapers; beware of outside operations; don't indorse without good security; advertise your business; be polite and kind to your customers; be charitable; don't tell what you are going to do; and preserve your integrity."

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS has written a long and tedious letter to the people of the South in general, in which she recounts her reasons for deciding that the body of JEFFERSON DAVIS shall be finally interred at Richmond, Va. It makes very little difference to the really patriotic people of this country where his body is laid. The injury which he and men of his calibre have done the South and the nation is incalculable; and it is a pity that their erroneous political ideas cannot be buried with their leader.

A MOVEMENT is on foot, with every prospect of success, to unite the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul in one great city. Strangely enough, the greatest difficulty seems to be the selection of a name. Half a dozen or more barbarous compounds of the two present names have been suggested ranging from "Minnepaul" to "Paulopolis." The best suggestion yet made is "Neapolis," which is Greek for "new city," and it is to be hoped that the difficulty may be obviated by its adoption.

THE fierce row between Governor TILLMAN, of South Carolina, and the Farmers' Alliance, has now progressed so far that a Georgia organ of the Alliance characterizes him tersely as a BENEDICT ARNOLD and a JUDAS ISCARIOT. The old slaveocrats can not forgive a man of "poor white" descent for presuming to overthrow the Bourbon ring which held a "cinch" on the South Carolina offices for so many years.

THE *Geographical Magazine* is authority for the statement that Toronto, Ont., with 220,000 inhabitants, has more churches than saloons. High license and a rigid enforcement of the city ordinances are responsible for this condition of things.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Chicago is getting ready to celebrate the erection of a 25-story steel building.

Addison Cammack's new cottage at Tuxedo Park will cost him about $100,000.

The assessed value of real estate in Boston for the current year, will show an increase of about $50,000,000.

Dr. Jennie Lozier, the president of Sorosis, is at her summer home in Patchogue, Suffolk county, N. Y.

Ex-Senator Ingalls is billed for an address before the Piedmont Chautauqua at Lithia Springs, Ga., on July 15.

The Oldtown Indians in Maine have a curious law which forbids palefaces to be on their island after a certain hour in the evening.

Empress Eugenie has taken up the children of the late Prince Napoleon as a part solace for the grief and loneliness which this her life.

The Zulu woman is the architect and builder of the Zulu house, and if her husband is not to blame if she doesn't have enough closet room.

Michael Munkacsy, the celebrated Hungarian painter, has begun the composition of a new work, representing Christ among his disciples.

Jules Verne, in his younger days, was a devotee of the baccarat table. He was at that time a handsome young fellow, with blonde hair and blue eyes.

A. M. Henry, who owned the farm upon which the first battle of Bull Run was fought, still owns it. He was not at home at the time of the fight.

The Emperor William looks thin and his face has an unhealthy pallor. England's festivities have deprived him of more than five hours' sleep nightly.

One of the questions which is disturbing the equanimity of the young men in Indianapolis, is whether it is in good form for a young man to go courting in a flannel shirt.

Mr. Abbott, the new premier of Canada, owns a beautiful estate at St. Anne's, about an hour's ride from Montreal, which is stocked with Guernsey cattle and Shropshire sheep.

Houlton, Me., drunkards are treated to a shower from a hose nozzle inserted under the shirt collar instead of being locked up. This treatment sobers them up sufficiently to be sent home.

Gilbert, the comic opera librettist, has been made a justice of the peace for the county of Middlesex, Eng., and will doubtless take due care to "make the punishment fit the crime."

Queen Victoria now rules a population of 367,000,000—a greater number of people than ever acknowledged the sovereignty of any other one person, in either ancient or modern times.

Mrs. P. T. Barnum, before she sailed for Europe, sent the comfortable rolling chair used by Mr. Barnum during the last four months of his life to the Bridgeport hospital for use in that institution.

Electric light has been employed advantageously on board of a West India steamer crossing the ocean to keep alive and flourishing certain plants which were being transported for acclimatization.

Bessie Bellwood, who lived a long time with Viscount Mandeville, who married Miss Yznaga, of New York, is about to sue him, now that he has become Duke of Manchester, claiming that he owes her money.

A West Point cadet in full uniform and a Vassar college girl wearing the regulation square college cap are two noticeable people on the Asbury park promenade and seem to enjoy the curiosity they excite.

A Brooklyn woman went into a bird store the other day, bought the entire stock of critters and set them free then and there. Why her freak of humanity was confined to orioles is among the the things no fellow can find out.

Mary F. Dewey, of Goshen, Ind., served through the civil war, disguised as a man, in the Twenty-sixth Ohio regiment under the alias of Charles Dewey. She now applies for a pension under her real name.

A St. Louis man was recently arrested and sentenced to serve three months in jail for entering a burning building and saving a 6 year-old child. He was charged with obstructing the firemen in the discharge of their duties.

Ex-Governor Ames, one of the richest men in Massachusetts, is one of the plainest in attire and manner. He wears an inconspicuous business suit of quiet coloring, and his head is covered by a broad brimmed, Quaker-like straw hat.

Sir Henry Wotton, who lived and wrote in the seventeenth century, did not have much of an opinion of diplomates. He said "an embassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth."

Mrs. Julia Averill, an aged Kansas City lady who writes poetry for amusement, sends a few congratulatory verses to Prince Bismarck on his eighty-second birthday. The ex-chancellor responded in a brief note expressing his sincere thanks for the courtesy.

United States Senators Cullom and Higgins, Martin B. Brown, Gen. Veile, Joseph Jefferson, Jr., Wayne MacVeagh, George Stedman, of North Carolina, Billy Florence, Tony Pastor and Frank Daniels were all seen on one afternoon on the Strand, London, last week.

At Chico, Cal., the other day, a cat caught a sparrow and was going with it into a store when half a dozen other sparrows came to the rescue and made such a vigorous onslaught upon it that he was glad to drop his prey and flee to the friendly shelter of the store.

Mr. Henry G. Bryant, of Philadelphia, is the latest explorer, being now on his way to Labrador to visit the Grand Falls in the interior of that country. As Bowdoin College has also an expedition to Labrador, the world is likely soon to know more of this mysterious region.

Lyman S. Low, a New York dealer in medals, has among the collection several hundred medals presented to soldiers in the English army from 1793 to 1880 for deeds of war and engagements in battle. In but few exceptions they were all pawned by their owners to meet the necessities of life.

Ex-Queen Natalie, who has been the guest of her aunts in Roumania, has fallen sick. Two physicians who were called to attend her from Belgrade, have left on account of the exciting events accompanying her enforced departure from Belgrade. The poor woman's nerves seem completely shattered.

Mr. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," writes to a friend upon this side of the sea: "Anything more absurd than our novelistic portraits of the Yankee could scarcely be produced. I know many American gentlemen; not one of them differs from us except, that, as a rule, they are more intelligent."

According to Cincinnati authority Prince George says that the only good Greek he heard spoken in the United States was in that city. It will be remembered that the claim was made in the same city a few years ago that the only genuine Parisian French heard in this country was spoken in Cincinnati.

Young James G. Blaine is getting the reputation of being one of the best-dressed men in Washington. He displays a London wardrobe of irreproachable fashion, especially affects neat morning suits of grey. In his button-hole he wears a bunch of sweet-peas.

There is a tract in Levy county, Fla., in which the bones have been found feet apart, and each excavation has laid bare parts of the skeletons of a huge animal. The diggers take it for granted that the bones all belonged to the same creature, and are wondering what kind of a beast it was whose remains underlie the country.

William Ransom was a private in Company G, Ninety-ninth Illinois Infantry, and according to evidence in the possession of the government, was killed at Vicksburg on August 15, 1863. His widow is now drawing a pension in the name of this same Ransom since August 11, 1883, and has lately secured an increase and something over $1,000 back pension.

The gendarmerie of Buda Pesth succeeded, after several severe attempts, in taking a band of gypsy robbers, numbering 50 men, prisoners. Among the captives are several notorious murderers. The leader of the band, strange to say, is the author of a dictionary of the Gypsy language, for which Archduke Joseph wrote

Science Causerie.

Electricity and Vegetation.

Interesting experiments designed to show how great an influence may be exerted upon vegetation by electricity are said to have been made recently in Russia, where the growth of radishes, carrots and other vegetables was greatly accelerated by the application of an electric current, at first to the seeds and afterwards to the soil in which they have been planted. The *Western Electrician* publishes an account of other and earlier experiments of the same kind which were made in France and at Brodtorp, in Finland. Among those he described is one made in 1878 by M. Cell, who compared the growth of three kernels of Indian corn which had been planted in a small flower pot and exposed to the influence of electricity with that of the same number of kernels planted in the same way, but not aided by electricity. Each flower pot was placed under a globe glass, the kernels were watered with the same quantity of liquid, and the air was constantly renewed for each group of seeds. But the air which entered one of the bell glasses was electrified, while no current was applied to the other glass or the air in it. These days after germination it was seen that the plants under the first glass were growing faster than the others, and in ten days the height of the plants under the first glass was seventeen centimeters, while those under the other glass had grown only eight centimeters.

Four years ago more elaborate experiments were made by Lemstrom in Finland. A small field was selected and wheat was planted in it. Over a part of this a wire was stretched a system of parallel wires, from which points extended downward. The space between each wire and its nearest neighbor was one meter, and the distance from one point to the next one was also a meter. An electric current was supplied from machines set up in an adjoining shed. The crop of wheat grown under the wires was greater by nearly 50 per cent than that taken from an adjoining and equal area, where electricity was not applied. By this experiment and others Lemstrom was led to the conclusion that the development of wheat, rye, barley, oats, beets, parsnips, potatoes, beans and strawberries could be accelerated by electricity, but that the growth of carrots, turnips, cabbages, peas, and tobacco might be retarded by the same agent. Some of his experiments have been repeated in France, where the results were substantially the same. The more recent experiments of Specchneff, in Russia, appear to have demonstrated that certain vegetables, the growth of which was not favorably affected when subjected to the influence of electricity by Lemstrom, are in fact highly susceptible to that influence, for it is said to have accelerated greatly the growth of peas, and to have caused carrots to grow with astonishing rapidity and to an extraordinary size. It may be that in the course of time the electric current will be used profitably by market gardeners and in connection with green house culture.

What is Worsted?

A woolen yarn is soft and fluffy, while a worsted yarn is hard and firm, possessing a much greater tensile strength. In the woolen yarn the fibers are tangled and crossed, and drawing is avoided as much as possible in preparing the raw material for spinning, so as to leave the natural curvature of the fibers undisturbed and afford the greatest freedom of action to the felting quality of the wool. In worsted yarns the object is to obliterate the felting quality and to secure elongation and parallel arrangement of the fibers.

In the early days of the manufacture the best results were only attainable in worsted yarns from long-fibered fleece. The English wools are commonly called combing-wools for this reason, and it was the possession of this fleece of an unrivaled quality which made England the birth place of the worsted manufacture, and has kept it at the front in this process.

One of the results of improved machinery has been to remove any distinction between woolen and worsteds, based upon the difference between the wools employed in the two processes. Short wool of merino blood can now be combed as successfully as the longer staple. The processes of treatment, however, continue to differ radically. This difference, as already seen, is primarily created by the introduction of the combing machine, an instrument unknown to the wool manufacture proper.

The "Norther."

The "norther" in California is the same as the "chinook" in the Northwest. It is a hot wind that brings certain destruction to all vegetation if it prevailed for any length of time, as it dries up leaf, branch and root. Not long ago one prevailed in the valleys of California, and wrought heavy losses to the owners of orchards, vineyards and growing crops. Since then there has been a lively discussion as to the best method of obtaining protection against the recurrence of these losses. Of course there is no means of preventing the invasion of a "norther," but it has been discovered that when the barometer at Winnemucca indicates 30.05 or more, the wind is certain to make a visit. By watching the signal service reports closely, the fruit grower could tell when his property was threatened. Armed with this knowledge, he could, it is believed, prevent much damage by spraying his vines and trees. As another means of protection, it is suggested that companies to insure against "northers" be organized. The plan is regarded as feasible as the organization of companies to insure against cyclones.

The Argand Lamp.

Argand, the inventor of the famous lamp which bears his name, had been experimenting for some time in trying to increase the light given out by his lamp, but all to no purpose. On a table before him one night lay an oil flask which had accidentally got the bottom broken off, leaving a long-necked, funnel-shaped tube. This Argand took up carelessly from the table and placed almost without thought, as he afterward related—over the flame. A brilliant white light was the magical result. It is needless to add that the hint was not lost by the experimenter, who proceeded to put his discovery into practical use by "inventing" the common glass lamp chimney. Hundreds of discoveries which have been heralded to the world as the acme of human genius has been the result of merest accident—the anger, calico printing and vulcanization of rubber being among the number.

The Fixed Stars.

The term "fixed," applied to the stars, is a mistake, for it is now known that there is not a fixed star in the heavens, and probably no such condition as absolute rest in the universe. All the stars are in motion, and some of them are moving at the rate of 220,000 miles an hour, or more than thrice the velocity of our earth on its orbit. It might be thought that this constant motion would produce continual changes in the stellar relations and alter the face of the heavens every few years. But the vast distances at which the stars are set from us destroy the visual effect of their motion, and preserve the unchanging aspect of the heavens. None of the constellations have suffered a dislocation in three thousand years. Sirius, Aldebaran, and the Pleiades are still in their places. Although the 81 stars in Orion have ever been in motion, each without relation to any other, the mighty figure is as it appeared to the man of Uz 40 centuries ago.

A Physical Observatory.

The Smithsonian institution has just established on its grounds at Washington a physical observatory, "which has been furnished with specially designed apparatus for the prosecution of investigations in radiant energy, and other departments of telluric and astro-physics." It is already provided with a most elaborate and massive siderostat with a twenty-inch mirror by Grubb, of Dublin, and with a spectroscope specially planned for bolometric work, and there is every reason to believe that Professor Langley will be able here more than to equal the record he made at Allegheny observatory as an observer and discoverer in the line of the "new astronomy." The United States now has, or at least soon will have, a physical observatory worthy of comparison with those of Meudon, Potsdam and Pulkowa.

Notes.

Rev. A. W. Mann, the pioneer deaf mute preacher, writes: "The ratio of deaf mutes to the hearing is as 1 to 1,600, so there are over 40,000 in the United States, and about 1,000,000 in the world."

Clouds consist simply of water divided into minute globules or drops. They differ in no essential respect from the steam emitted by a tea kettle, or the mists and fogs that fill river valleys at sunrise. These forms of water are all produced in the same way.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* has made some calculations based upon the recent census figures, and concludes that of the white population of this country 55 per cent only is English, 20 per cent German, 15 per cent Irish, 4 per cent Latin, 3 per cent Scandinavian, and 3 per cent Slav.

An important invention in astronomy has been made at the Georgetown college observatory, near Washington. By an instrument called the photochronograph, a star is caused to record with absolute accuracy the time of its own transit across the meridian, thus eliminating all personal errors.

HER CIGARETTE PICTURE.

And Twenty-three More in the Stock Her Father Promptly Brought Up.

Imagine the consternation and dismay created in a well-known Easton family residing on one of the most fashionable streets in the City of the Forks when, on Saturday night, the 17-year-old hopeful opened a pack of cigarettes and found therein his sister's photograph. The picture was of the kind that cost about 75 cents a dozen, and his sister was depicted thereon in a rather awkward position, her name being written at the bottom with pen and ink in a disguised hand. The young lady in question is highly esteemed and very respectable, moves in the best circles, and is as noted for her intellectual adornments as she is on account of her personal beauty.

Only a short time ago it was hinted among her more intimate friends that her engagement with a well-connected young Philadelphian would soon be publicly announced. The head of the family is rich, at least *Bradstreet* says so, and this is corroborated by the testimony of neighbors and business men. When the above mentioned photograph made its unlucky advent the maligned daughter fainted. Her mother ordered the head of the family to have the cigarette seller arrested.

Obeying this mandate, the head of the family started out to get square with the cigarette seller, whose shop is conveniently situated on Northampton street, and called a policeman to arrest him. The cop said he'd be "darned" if he do it on such insufficient evidence, whereupon the father heroically decided to buy all the cigarettes in the store. The dealer grinned a broad grin, and produced box after box until, to his utter discomfiture, more than $50 worth had accumulated.

His wife, who had just succeeded in reviving her fainting daughter by means of smelling salts and chocolate carmels, made him open box after box and package after package of cigarettes, which labor was rewarded by the discovery of 25 more of the photographs depicting the daughter in the same aforesaid awkward position.

It seems that a gay young rover of Easton some time ago boasted that he could court the young heroine and have a brick house in the bargain if he only half insinuated his desire to do so. Attempting to carry this scheme into execution—"just for fun," he said to his companions—the girl peremptorily refused to have anything to do with him. He vowed vengeance dire, and it is supposed that he "kodaked" the girl and afterward had the picture made so as to represent her in the ungraceful attitude described.—[Easton, Pa., Argus.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know the French stormed Ratisbon,
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day,
With neck out-thrust—you fancy how—
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prize some prow
Oppressive with his mind.

Just as, perhaps, he mused, "My plans,
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall"—
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew,
A rider, bound on bound
Full gallop, nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect,
By just his horse's mane, a boy,
You hardly could suspect,
(So tight he kept his lips compressed
Scarce any blood came through)—
You looked twice ere you saw his breast;
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed, but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said,
"I'm killed, sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

—[Robert Browning.

The Eat Man's Intelligent Horse.

A Twenty-third street car was speeding westward toward the Hoboken ferry. A fat man on the back platform was conversing with the conductor about the merits of the fat man's horse, which was trotting alongside the rear platform, led by a rope the fat man was holding. "Why, this horse knows mor'n a man," said he. "This horse is so fly I've named him Horse Fly, see? Only last Tuesday me and——"

At this point of the fat man's anecdote the speeding car reached a huge brick pile, standing in the street, just west of Tenth avenue. The horse stopped short, two feet from the obstacle, the fat man's legs flew up, and he came within an ace of going off the platform into the street. The conductor prevented that by grabbing his collar, which was torn off. The car stopped, and the fat man looked back for his intelligent horse. It was standing still, just where it had been when the fat man's story was interrupted. He went back and led the horse to the car, and this time trotted it behind. "This horse," he said, "knows mor'n a man. It is the——"

"Well, it knows a darn sight more than one man, anyhow," said the conductor. —[N. Y. Sun.

No Avocation.

Here is a portion of the examination to which an old lawyer told me he was subjected when he applied for a license. The oldest member of the examining committee interrogated him:

"Are you familiar with any game of chance?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you know how to play any game of cards?"

"No, sir."

"Surely you understand euchre?"

"Never heard of it before."

"It can't be possible you never indulged in a game of draw poker?"

"Yes, sir, it can. I am a member of the church and don't know one card from another."

"Well (after a long pause of astonishment), young man, we'll give you a license, but how in the world you're going to make a living for the first two or three years after you start to practising law is a mystery to us."—[Dallas Morning News.

Mary Ann's Epitaph.

"The following epitaph," says a correspondent, "copied from a tombstone in a graveyard in New England, is an interesting example of the coarse flippancy so often found in epitaphs in 'the good old days:'"

Mary Ann lies here at rest,
With her head on Abraham's breast,
It is very nice for Mary Ann.
But rather tough on Abraham.

A Hilarious Surprise.

Bride (just after the wedding)—Alfred, you promised to give me a grand surprise after we were married; say, what is it?

Bridegroom (a widower)—I've got six children, my pet. —[Humoristische Blaetter.

A Disturbance.

The continuous photographic register of earth currents kept at the Greenwich observatory recently showed some unusual disturbances. These soon became so regular that the stray currents were traced to the trains of the new underground electric railway, though the nearest earth-plate to the railway was two and one-half miles distant.

By the Sad Sea Waves.

"Ah, Jim, we poor folks has our trials!"

"Yes, I's had a good many; but it ain't the trials what annoys me, it's the verdict they brings in afterwords."—[Life.

NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

THE CANDIDATES FOR COMMANDER.

What the People of Detroit Are Doing to Entertain a Half Million of Boys Who Wore the Blue.

Candidates for commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, the election for which position will be held at the coming Detroit encampment, are over ground to the number of five with no indications as yet of a dark horse. They are named as follows: A. G. Weissert, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Charles P. Lincoln, of Washington, D. C.; W. R. Smedburg, of California; Ira M. Hedges, of New York; S. H. Hurst, of Ohio, says the Detroit *News*.

As the canvass stands at present, A. G. Weissert has the lead, with no close second. Weissert was senior vice commander-in-chief of the Grand Army when Gen. Alger held chief command, and served as a private in the Eighth Wisconsin infantry. He is now a prominent lawyer of Milwaukee. Through all of the years since the war he has suffered from an open wound. He is very popular in his own state and, from the expressions among the veterans of Michigan, the Wolverines are not far behind the soldiers of Wisconsin in their esteem. He is about 50 years of age and looks 20 years younger. He is devoted to the organization, seldom missing post meetings, and always wears the button.

Charles P. Lincoln is assistant pension agent at Washington, and is the candidate of that department. He went out with the three months' men of the First Michigan infantry, and was orderly sergeant of Co. C. Subsequently he joined the Nineteenth Michigan infantry. Out of the general talk regarding this candidate comes the significant assertion that Lincoln is a Michigan man, and therefore practically ineligible, since the office was but recently held by a Michigan man, Gen. Alger. Also that when Lincoln desires political preferment he relies on Michigan for his advancement. Lincoln is making an active canvass, but the chances are dead against him.

W. R. Smedburg is a past department commander who is put forward by the department of California. He is an active worker in the order and is one of the men who has been very active in building up the section of the state in which he lives. He was a candidate for the commander-in-chief at Boston where he received but a light vote, the delegates being practically unanimous in favor of Venzey.

S. H. Hurst is a past commander of the department of Ohio, but if current report is true his chances are exceedingly slim, since it is confidently asserted that 50 per cent of the Ohio delegation have declared for Weissert.

Ira M. Hedges is a past commander of the department of New York, with an excellent record as a Grand Army man. He will come with the entire New York delegation at this back; but as yet there are no indications that he is supported by any delegation from any other state, and no combinations as yet appear.

If the present prospects hold out, Illinois will have 3,000 men in line at the encampment parade, about 500 of whom will be from Chicago. According to the marching programme Illinois will have the right of the line, that is to say, she will lead the procession. The Russell House will be the headquarters for Illinois, and what with their arrangements for excursions, banquets and festivals, they will be as busy spreading themselves as air in a vacuum.

Washington, D. C., has changed from a quiet, dead old Southern town to a hustling Northern city, hence its citizens, soldiers and officials are tumbling in for the capture of the next encampment, and it looks as though they would bag it. There is one potent reason for taking it there, which has spread like wild fire among the veterans. "This is the silver encampment," say they, in allusion to the Detroit encampment, "and it reminds us of the time when taps will be sounded for all of our encampments. Think we had better go to Washington once more before we take up our last piece of land." If, therefore, the selection were left to a general vote of the veterans, Washington would secure an overwhelming vote.

Official notice has been received of the 23d reunion of the army of the Tennessee in Chicago, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 7 and 8, 1891. Gen. A. Hickenlooper will deliver the eulogy on the life and military services of Gen. W. T. Sherman at the auditorium, Wednesday evening, October 7. The unveiling of the equestrian statue of Gen. Grant takes place Oct. 8; the oration to be delivered by Gen. W. W. Gresham.

Mayor Pingree, Controller Rush and Ald. Amos, the committee on ways and means, who are charged with the proper expenditure of the $50,000 fund raised by Detroit, are contemplating a picnic for the grand army generally, as a set-off for the entertainment provided the regular G. A. R. delegates. Refreshments will be supplied free to the veterans on that occasion. The committee were looking over the island yesterday for the required location.

The board of aldermen of Boston, have denied the application of members of the G. A. R., who are employes of the city, for leave of absense with pay to attend the encampment; which goes to show that the board of aldermen of Boston are beans without nutrition.

The committee on invitations, of which Gen. Alger is the chairman, have forwarded their courteous documents to the President and Vice President of the United States, the cabinet, the general of the army, the living ex-Presidents and the living war governors.

Maj. R. H. Hendershot, the original drummer boy of the Rappahannock, who enlisted at the age of 11 years, and his son will be present at the encampment and lead the Michigan men in the march. The major will carry the old silver drum which was presented to him by Horace Greeley through Gen. Scott for his gallantry at the battle of Fredericksburg.

Department Commander Eaton, of Michigan, who has been on a tour of inspection of the posts of the state, finds everywhere great preparations in progress for attending the Detroit encampment. He estimates the number of veterans to attend the encampment at between 50,000 and 60,000.

Clerk Webster, of the accommodations committee, assigned 225 persons to private houses yesterday. All but one of these is accompanied by ladies.

The First United States colored heavy artillery will hold their reunion August 5, at room A, Clinton school.

The officers of the Saginaw battalion have completed arrangements for attending the encampment. About 500 veterans will attend from Saginaw, with three drum corps.

Michigan commandery Loyal legion will have headquarters in the Light Infantry armory. On the afternoon of Wednesday, August 5, the wives, daughters and lady friends of the commandery will be tendered a reception, and on Thursday, August 6, the members and their families will take an excursion to Grand Pointe and return on the steamer Idlewild.

Detroit post will have headquarters at No. 64 Washington avenue, and will keep open house through the encampment. The building will be handsomely decorated and soft drinks served on hand.

Decorations for the fourth arch have been settled upon. It will be emblematic of peace, and will be finished in silver bronze, profusly trimmed with flowers, vines and potted plants; on the summit will appear the horns of plenty. It will be situated on the corner of Fourth and Griswold streets, extending across from the People's savings bank to Ellis's cigar store.

The Sons of Veterans, in uniform, have volunteered as street pilots for the incoming posts, whom they will lead to the various camps. In addition to the guides and the staffs at the stations, a number of these young men will be detailed to board all incoming trains and furnish passengers with directions and complete maps of the city.

On the charge made by New York that hotel charges will be exorbitant, Detroit hotelkeepers arise to explain that exorbitant rates will not by any means be charged. They are unanimous in this expression.

The railroads have arranged to extend the limit of excursion tickets from August 4 to 18, inclusive, to August 4 to September 30. The desired change can be made by applying to R. E. Dowling, at the Hotel Cadillac.

General Alger, president of the general committee of the G. A. R. encampment requests a full attendance of that committee at court-room No. 2, City Hall, for Wednesday afternoon, July 22, a 2:30 o'clock. This will be the last meeting of the committee before the encampment. The only notice given will be through the press.

Archie Madison post, of Brockway, Mich., reports 25 members as ready to take part. Stanley post, of New Britain, Conn., reports 35 comrades. H. G. Blake post, of Medina, O., with 50 men in line, will come to Detroit as a post without being attached to a battalion. Six comrades of Charles Beck post, of Cambridge, Mass., apply for quarters. F. D. Eddy camp of sons of veterans, located at Wolverine, Mich., apply for quarters for at least fifteen members. Aurora post, of Aurora, Ills., report 30 members for quarters. McMeen's post, of Sandusky, O., ask for accommodations for 200 on the night of August 3.

Col. Pond has received a poetical effusion of enthusiasm from Indiana entitled "We're all going and will have a good time. On to Detroit." Here is a specimen of it:

"Ho, Hoosier heroes, the command
To form again the Spartan band!
Up and advance and reconnoitre,
The city of the gay Detrotter,
Charge the fighting Wolverines,
And capture all their pork and beans,
Let once more the anthem swell,
To a genuine old Hoosier yell.
Fall into line and lead the van
Of marching hosts to Michigan.

The Indianians always put the accent on the last syllable of the word Michigan.

The largest Grand Army post in the United States is Geo. H. Thomas post, of Chicago. In a letter to Col. Pond, Commander J. G. King, of the post, says: "We hope to put into line for the parade 500 comrades, and shall produce, on a more magnificent scale than ever, 'the living flag,' which was the feature of the Milwaukee encampment. We shall take with us the Second Regiment band of 40 pieces, which is considered one of the finest bands in the United States. We have engaged Gies's European hotel, at which place will be our post headquarters." The living flag to which the letter refers is produced by parti-colored umbrellas, carried by members of the post, on which stars and stripes in red, white and blue are so arranged as to resemble a huge flag while the post maneuvers.

Shiawassee county, Mich., battalion have chartered five coaches for the encampment, and they are now studying how to decorate the train in the best style.

An estimate of the number coming with the Van Buren, Mich., battalion, puts it at 600. The colonel of the battalion was instructed to secure a $50 flag and the South Haven cornet band of ten pieces.

THE MIDSUMMER SKY.

Some of the Points of Interest in the Night's Starry Dome.

Although the summer months invite one to all kinds of out-door employments, on account of the length of the days, they are not so favorable to the star-gazer. There are, however, numerous constellations which will well repay the spending of a summer's evening in making their acquaintance.

A little before 10 o'clock to-night, on the 31st at 9 o'clock, and on the 10th of August at 8 o'clock, a little east of the point overhead, may be found one of the brightest and most beautiful of the northern stars, Vega. It may be recognized by two smaller stars near it forming a triangle, and its bluish color, besides surpassing in brilliancy any of its neighbors. Vega is in the constellation Lyra. It is estimated that Vega is about 25 times as luminous as the sun, and only its great distance makes it look small to us.

To the northeast of Vega you may find the constellation Cygnus, or the swan. Doubtless the old astronomers saw a swan there, but however that may be the unimaginative modern can easily distinguish it as a cross. In fact it is sometimes called the northern cross. Cygnus is famous as containing the second nearest star to the earth, Alpha Centauri in the southern heavens coming first. But near as it is, it is only of the sixth magnitude and scarcely visible to the naked eye.

Over the northeast the beautiful constellation, Cassiopeia, and further south Andromeda are rising. These, together with the great square of Pegasus, are the glory of the autumn sky. Look to the southeast of Vega for the only other first magnitude star at present in the eastern sky. It is Altair in the constellation Aquilla, and one may be sure of it by its two attendants, one above and one below, the one above being the brighter.

West of the meridian and nearer the southern horizon than Altair is the fiery-red Antares in the Scorpion. It deserves mention if only for its color, which is noticeable on the first glance, but it is also one of the brightest of the heavenly host. Two other first magnitude stars, besides those already mentioned, are visible in the west. Arcturus and Spica.

Arcturus is very conspicuous, high in the West, and can hardly be missed. It is of an orange-yellow color, and is in the constellation Botes. Spica is the principal star of Virgo. It may be found low down in the Southwest. In color, Spica is pure white. The sun in his annual journey among the stars passes near Spica about October 14.

What has been mentioned is barely the outline of interesting and curious objects to be found in the summer sky. Many other constellations and stars might be noticed which would furnish entertainment for years.

IT WAS A SURE SIGN.

A Learned Astronomer Gets a Few Points From a Countrymen.

A very learned professor of astronomy —one who was skilled in the signs of the skies and the winds and clouds—was once traveling. While on his journey he lost his way, and wandering about, came across a simple looking countryman, who was sitting under a tree tending a flock of sheep.

"Friend," said the professor, "can you inform me of the direction and distance of the nearest adjacent town?"

Now the countryman perceived that the professor was very wise, from the long words he used; but he presently managed to understand him and replied:

"Yes, sir, it is all of five miles; but," he added, "you will get a good wetting before you get there."

This surprised the professor. He could not discover any signs of a storm, and he was so sure of his own knowledge in such matters that he laughed at the countryman, and started his horse on the road pointed out to him.

But before he had gone two-thirds of the distance a sudden black cloud covered the sky, the rain poured in torrents, and the wise man reached his inn soaked and disgusted.

The next morning, before he had proceeded on his journey, he determined to ride back and if possible find out by what hidden signs—of which he, a great professor, was ignorant—this foolish countryman had foretold the storm.

So he rode back, and after spending a day in the search, found the countryman and explained what he wanted to know.

"I will not tell you my sign," said the countryman, "without a good sum of money."

They struck a bargain. The professor was so anxious to hear this valuable secret that he willingly paid the large amount demanded.

"Do you see, sir," asked the countryman, "that black sheep with a white face over there—the only black sheep in my flock?"

The professor said he did.

"Well, sir," said the countryman, "when it is the fairest day in June, and when there is not a cloud in the sky, I surely know it is going to rain if I chance to see that old sheep caper around with her tail held straight up in the air!"

Legal Note.

A young man of about 18 years of age had occasion to shoot a friend with whom he had a personal difficulty. He was arrested and brought to Austin for trial. As he had no money to hire a lawyer, the court appointed a member of the Austin bar to defend him. As the jury was being selected, the lawyer asked his client if he knew of any cause why any of them should be challenged. "Yes," was the whispered reply, "but if they find me guilty, I've got a brother who will challenge the last one of them. You can challenge the judge if you want to, but I want to attend to the sheriff myself."—[Texas Siftings.

An Accomplished Wife.

"Ah, old fellow," said a Texas gentleman to another on the street, "so you are married at last. Allow me to congratulate you, for I hear you have an excellent and accomplished wife."

"I have, indeed," was the reply; "she is accomplished. Why, sir, she is perfect y at home in literature, at home in music, at home in art, at home in science—in short, at home everywhere except——"

"Except what?"

"Except at home."—[Texas Siftings.

SAILING IN A CRATER.

The Remarkable Adventure of a Woman in Central Africa.

One of the most remarkable incidents of Mrs. French Sheldon's journey to Kilimanjaro was (a London correspondent learns from a letter just received from her) the circumnavigation of Lake Chala, the small sheet of water which fills the crater of a volcano a short distance to the east of the base of Kimawenzi. The beautiful lake was the first discovered by one of the earliest missionary explorers of this region (New) who descended to the edge of the water—a feat that Thompson some years afterwards seems to have thought impossible.

The natives have, however, always held that there was a way down the almost perpendicular sides of the crater, and only three or four years ago another missionary explorer succeeded in making the descent. Mrs. Sheldon was not, however, content merely to touch the waters of this mysterious lake. A party of Russian sportsmen had left behind them at Kilimanjaro a sort of pontoon boat in sections, which had eventually come into the possession of Mr. Keith Anstruther, a young Scotchman, who was at Taveta when Mrs. Sheldon arrived there.

Mr. Anstruther suggested the daring project of launching this boat on the waters of Lake Chala, and Mrs. Sheldon at once offered to join him in the attempt. There was a difficulty in obtaining porters, for local superstition is busy with the crater lake, which was once—the story runs—the site of a great Masai village that was utterly destroyed when the eruption took place, which resulted in the formation of the present lake. This difficulty was, however, at length overcome, and after great danger and fatigue the edge of the lake was reached and the boat was found to be but slightly injured by its rough journey.

"GENESIS FIFTY-ONE."

A Biblical Forgery Which Has Puzzled Scholars for 500 Years.

For the past 500 or 600 years the following so-called "51st chapter of Genesis" has been a puzzle to biblical scholars, and to-day, were it read aloud in any mixed company, it is questionable if its fraudulent nature would be discovered, so beautiful is the spirit and language of the Old Testament imitated. Below we give this unique fraud in full:

1. And it came to pass after these things that Abraham sat in the door of his tent at about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt rise early on the morrow and go thy way.

4. But the man said, Nay, for I will abide under this tree.

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly, so they turned and went into the tent; and Abraham broke unleavened bread and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, creator of heaven and earth?

7. And the man answered and said, I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name, for I have made myself a God which abideth always in my house, and provideth me with all things.

8. And Abraham's anger was kindled against that man for what he had said, and he arose and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called upon Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger that came by the way of thy tent at the going down of the sun?

10. And Abraham answered and said, Lord he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name, therefore I have driven him out from before my face into the wilderness.

11. And God said, Have I not borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding he has rebelled against me? Couldst thou not, thee thyself being a sinner, bear with him one night?

12. And Abraham said, Let not the anger of my Lord wax against his servant; for I have sinned, forgive me I pray of thee.

13. And Abraham arose and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man until he had found him, and returned with him to the tent, and when he had entertained him kindly he sent him away on the morrow with many gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, For this thy sin against the stranger, thy seed shall be afflicted 400 years in a strange land.

15. But, for thy repentance will I deliver them, and they shall come forth with power and with gladness of heart.

The author of this pseudo-biblical curiosity is unknown. It has been traced back over 700 years to a Persian poet, who simply says: "It was so related to me."

"LIKE HIS MOTHER USED TO MAKE."

"I was born in Indiany," says a stranger rank and slim,
As us fellers in the restaurant were kind o' guyin' him,
And Uncle Jake was slidin' him another pan o' pie,
And extra cup of coffee, with a twinkle in his eye—
"I was born in Indiany—more'n forty years ago,
And I hain't been back in twenty—and I'm workin' back'ards slow;
But I've et in every restaurant 'twixt here and Santa Fe,
And I want to state this coffee tastes like sittin' home to me!
Pour us out another, daddy," says the feller, warmin' up,
A speakin' 'crost a saucerful, as uncle took his cup—
"When I seed your sign out yonder," he went on to Uncle Jake—
"Come in and get some coffee like your mother used to make—
I thought of my old mother and the Posey county farm,
And me a little kid ag'in a hangin' in her arm
As she set the pot a bilin'—broke the eggs and poured 'em in—"
And the feller kind o' halted, with a tremble in his chin,
And Uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee back, and stood
As solemn for a minute as an undertaker would;
Then he sort o' turned and tiptoed to'rds the kitchen door, and next
Here comes his old wife out with him, a rubbin' of her specs—
And she rushes for the stranger, and she hollers out, "It's him!
Thank God, we've met him comin'! Don't you know your mother, Jim?"
And the feller as he grabbed her, says: "You bet I hain't forgot"—
But, wipin' of his eyes, says he, "Your coffee's mighty hot."

—[James Whitcomb Riley.

STOPPED BY A SERMON.

A Runaway Horse Brought to a Standstill by the Leaves.

The late Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury, once made an effective use of a sermon, says an exchange. Driving down Holloway hill he was confronted by a runaway horse with heavy dray making straight for his carriage. He threw a sermon in its face.

The horse was so bewildered by the fluttering of the leaves that it swerved and paused, the driver regained control, the sermon was picked up and the bishop proceeded on his way.

"I don't know," he said to his companion, the present Archbishop of York, "whether my sermon did any good to the congregation, but it was of considerable service to myself."

One Woman's Idea of a Memorial.

A bright and pretty girl in a Southern town was one of the victims in an awful railway disaster and no trace of her body was ever found. There was an insurance on her life which was paid over to her mother, who then conceived the brilliant idea of a memorial of her dead daughter. With the insurance money she bought herself a magnificent pair of solitaire diamond earrings which she wore always thereafter. She was sure, she explained to her friends, that her daughter would choose those for her monument if she could, and that the stones were like Mattie, they were so bright and sparkling, and they were something she could always keep near her. That is her idea of a memorial. —[New York Sun.

Hiding Its Blushes.

She wore her bathing dress one night,
Far from the madding crowd.
The moon was full, but when she came,
It went behind a cloud.

—[Cloak Review.

Where the Money is.

She—You lack energy and push. Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

He—Yes, but the girl's father is the contractor.—[Life.

MAUNDERINGS.

Western Coroner (to principal witness)—"You say that the deceased got the drop on Colonel Bluff and then allowed the Colonel to bore him; how was that?"

Witness—"I s'pose his heart failed him."

Coroner (after short deliberation)—"Gentlemen, return a verdict that deceased came to his death by 'heart failure.'"

St. Peter—"Hello, earthly spirit, who are you?"

Shade—"I am a humorous writer."

St. Peter—"Um—did you ever write an ice cream joke, a mother-in-law joke, a banana skin joke, a——"

Shade—"No! I!" (Starts to go in.)

St. Peter—"One more question, my friend, did you ever write a parody on 'The B—— t—— f——l S——w'?

Shade—"No, holy one, I never did."

St. Peter—"Then come in; a multitude of exchange editors are in there singing, 'I'm waiting, my darling, for thee.'"

Miss Wabash—"I don't care what you say about your old town, Chicago has the World's Fair."

Miss Murrayhill (sarcastically calm)—"Yes, mostly type-writers."

Mitchell—"Talking about mean people, my landlord takes the prize. The other day I said something about having put on my light underwear, an' what do you suppose he did?"

Kitchell—"I give it up; what did he do?"

Mitchell—"Turned off the gas."

Charlie Rounder—"I think our club can boast of several genuine Bohemians—now there is Jack Benton, for instance—"

Country Cousin—"Oh, you don't mean to say that he is a foreigner, do you? He speaks such elegant English and has such a beautiful mustache, and—"

But Charlie was in a dead faint.

Mamma—"Don't you know what becomes of people who tell lies, Mabel?"

Mabel—"Yes, m'a'm; they go to hell, and I know where hell is. It's in papa's library."

Mamma—"Why, daughter, how can you say such a thing?"

Mabel—"Well, I went into there the other day and my music teacher was sitting in papa's lap."

Mamma, (visibly moved)—"Well? I!!!"

Mabel—Papa said, "Here's h—ll!"

Mrs. Sub Urb—"Howde do, Mrs. Transit have you moved yet?"

Mrs. Transit—"Yes, and I'm just as mad as I can be."

"Mrs. Sub Urb—"Why, don't the house suit?"

Mrs. Transit—"Yes, but last year my husband and I made an agreement that if I made the kitchen fire and shook the base-burner until this spring, he would do the same next year."

Mrs. Sub Urb—"That was fair, I should think."

Mrs. Transit—"That was fair enough but this spring the brute rented a steam-heat flat and bought a gasoline stove."

THEN AND NOW.

Gay young man on sal'ry,
Taking in the race,
Picking on the cinches,
Backing for first and place.
Wonderful wearing apparel,
Particular cuffs and collars,
Going to smash
In a way that is rash,
Young man with the good hard
$ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $.

Meek young man on sal'ry,
Shunning pool room and race,
No more backing the winner,
Or plunging on first and place.
Modest wearing apparel
And then, now quite contents
The young man rash,
Who squandered his cash,
And now has good hard
o. o. o. o. o. o. o. o.

—[N. Y. Sun.

Hats and Heads.

It has been noticed by Henry Heath, who sends hats all over the world from Australia to Peru, that different nationalities possess heads of distinctive sizes and shapes. For instance, Germans have very round heads, a peculiarity shared by the English royal family. The average Engli h head is what hatters call a good shape—that is, rather long. The Scotch, one is not surprised to learn, are very long-headed. Canadians are distinguished by exceptionally large heads, South Americans by very small ones. Australians, again, have rather small heads. The subject is an interesting one and worth pursuing further if space allowed. The heads of individuals also vary a good deal from time to time, shrinking during illness or mental worry, and generally becoming smaller with advancing years. As to shape, there is such a thing as fashion, but it only affects mashers; men stick to much the same shape year after year.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

TO EVERY UNION SOLDIER

The Census Bureau is anxious to obtain detailed information respecting the record of Union survivors of the war. It is found that the census enumerators neglected the most important inquiries, made on the blank given below. Union soldiers and their widows are requested to fill out the blank below in pencil, cut it out, and send to Washington, addressing the envelope to "Census Bureau, Washington, D. C.."

Write full name below. If a widow, write given name only, and add "widow of," supplying the soldier's name.

1 Name enlisted under, if different from above.

2 Rank at muster-out.

3 Letter of company. | No. of regiment.

4 State mustered from.

5 Arm of service—cavalry, artillery, infantry, or navy.

6 Date of enlistment.

7 Date of discharge.

8 Present P. O. address.

9 If a pensioner or applicant, No. of certificate or application.

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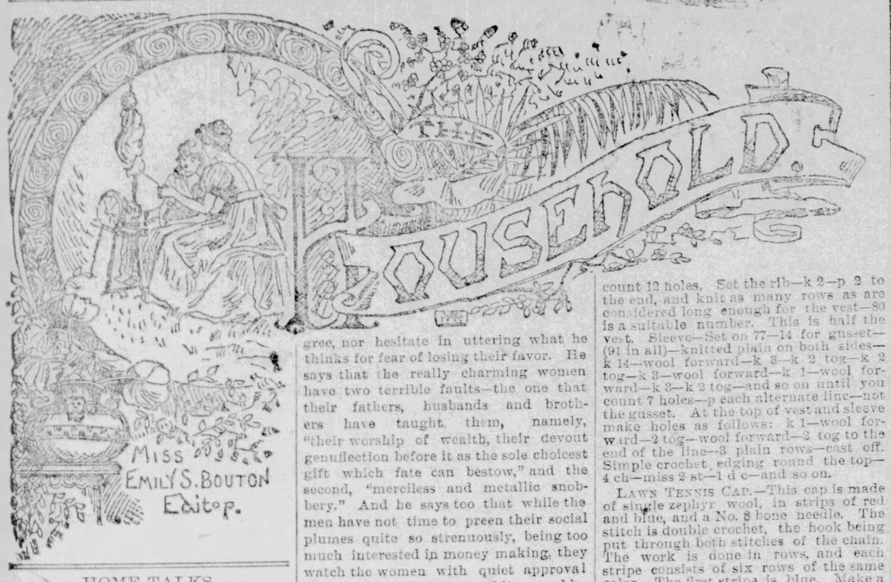


HOME TALKS.

A PHILANTHROPIC WOMAN

Her Bounty to Those Who Were Unfortunate—The Responsibility of Wealth—New York's "Four Hundred" and Those of Other Places.

I WAS reading an article the other day from the pen of Miss Frances E. Willard about that philanthropic woman, Elizabeth Thompson, which interested me greatly not only because I had never known much about her before except in the most general way, and almost nothing of the rarely beautiful spirit that moved her life to such usefulness, but that I was shown in her another of the few great souls that scorned money for money's sake, and so recognized the responsibilities of its possession that she shrank away from the very thought. When told by her husband that by will he had left all of his great wealth to her, she said:

"Oh, why did you do that? I am not wise in worldly ways. I should not know how to expend it as you would have wished. I should be a prey of the designing, and should be caught in the meshes of the law."

"How would you have me change it then?" he questioned; "for all I have must go to you?"

Gazing out over the manufacturing town where was so much misery, she said:

"Perhaps I could use it for the good of humanity while I am alive, but as to its final use, I am not willing to have the responsibility. Can you not leave it for my benefit during life, and say that at my death one-half of it must go to the poor women of Brattleborough, and the other half to the poor women of Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson, where we have so often stayed?"

A few years after, when he passed on, the will was found drawn just as she had requested.

Yet this did not relieve her from a weight of responsibility which sometimes grew almost insupportable. She was constantly endeavoring to carry out the principles of the brotherhood of humanity. To her all suffering women were her sisters, all who were in trouble or danger were her charge. Mrs. Willard says:

"I suppose she has received tens of thousands if not hundreds of thousands of letters in the last century asking for help. She told me they came by the peck and the half bushel; that her home seemed like the whispering gallery of humanity's sorrow and sin, and that the weight of her sympathy in reading these letters became so heavy a burden that she was wont, at frequent intervals, to change her place of residence, so that her whereabouts was kept hushed up among her friends. I know I have for years regarded it as treason to tell any one where she lived, because she was pursued not only by letters but by visits from persons in distress."

When she was seized with a paralytic stroke, about two years ago, and others were obliged to take her business in hand, it was found that there were 28 families in the town where she was then living, who were entirely dependent upon her bounty. And she never failed to help the poor inventor who had neither money nor influence to push him forward; the poor author who had a worthy book to publish; the young artist who longed to study; the reformer who would advance the cause of temperance, of woman or the industrial classes—all were sure of sympathy and material aid.

Surely the world has reason to rejoice that this woman has lived to such a beneficent purpose, and women should especially revere her name. And yet, notwithstanding all the good she has done, all the warm sympathy she has expended upon distress, and which always eventuated in effort for its relief, in one of the towns where she had lived longest and done most, Miss Willard heard her spoken of as "a temperance crank, an eccentric woman who didn't know how to get any good out of her money."

That is the way of the world. Had she spent her money in beautiful apparel, in a fine house, gayly caparisoned horses, in travel for pleasure, it would have thought she knew, but it could not understand the self-abnegation of such a life as hers. And many of the very people that she helped "turned and rent her."

And yet what, after all, did it matter? She was working—she gave of her love, her sympathy, her efforts, and her money because the Infinite Father had placed the responsibility upon her, and she recognized it. Self retired utterly into the background.

It is a lesson to us all—the life of this woman, who never failed to respond to the needs of humanity because humanity failed to be grateful. She did not work for gratitude. It was as if she felt a gift had been placed in her hands to bestow upon those whose needs were great. With the results of the giving she had nothing to do and though "a great sadness sometimes came upon her" because she was so often misunderstood, she walked unswervingly on in the path of well-doing, leaving those who named her "crank" to wonder unceasingly at her disregard of the things which the world usually longs for.

IF New York's "Four Hundred" should chance to read what Edgar Fawcett says of them in *The Arena*, they would see themselves for a brief moment, at least, as others see them. He does not soften unpalatable truths in the smallest degree, nor hesitate in uttering what he thinks for fear of losing their favor. He says that the really charming women have two terrible faults—the one that their fathers, husbands and brothers have taught them, namely, "their worship of wealth, their devout genuflection before it as the sole choicest gift which fate can bestow," and the second, "merciless and metallic snobbery." And he says too that while the men have not time to preen their social plumes quite so strenuously, being too much interested in money making, they watch the women with quiet approval and are in reality every whit as snobby as they.

Severe words these, but not undeserved if a tenth part of what we read be true. And after all is this money worship, this snobbery confined to the great metropolis? Is not the same thing repeated on a lesser scale in every city in the country? Has not the nation grown into an adorer of Mammon, so that everywhere the one only thought is to get gold and with gold the power that comes with its possession? "Position in New York" says Mr. Fawcet, "means a corpulent purse whose strings work as flexibly as the dorsal muscles of a professional toady." What does position in a society-sense mean anywhere else in these days but that?

It is true, also, that while the wheels of progress have moved forward rapidly within the last few decades; while in many things the world is better, not withstanding the croaks of the pessimistic, yet the giant of evil, the love of wealth has gained a supremacy that dauge ously threatens all that is best and most desirable in life.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Unexpected Company—What Shall we do for Them.

FRIEND from the country writes to ask what she shall do when unexpected company comes in, after her dinner is planned, and perhaps, partially cooked. Shall she change her arrangements, and provide a dinner more likely to suit the company?

By no means. It is supposed that you have arranged your dinner to suite the taste of your family, and according to what you had to do with, or could afford, and if company comes without a special invitation for that day, they should expect to take things as they find them, and a true lady or gentleman will do so, and will enjoy the visit with you much more if no change is made on their account.

If you have reason to think that they have a preference for either tea or coffee, it is well to gratify them, or it there is anything you can add to your bill of fare without extra expense or trouble, it is well enough to do so if you wish, but as for making any great change in your arrangements, do not do it.

Another thing—if you are obliged to serve economical dinners, do not feel that you must apologize for them. It is no disgrace, and certainly no meal is improved by constant reference to the scarcity or poor quality of the food. If you have nothing but potatoes and salt—if that is the best you have to offer your guests, offer it to them without excuse or comment, and endeavor to entertain them with so much true hospitality that they will remember only their pleasant visit, and give no thought to the lack of dessert.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

TABLE CLOTHS.—Handsome table linen is always essential to a pretty table, and very fine sets that cost a great deal may be made at home, if one can have patience to do the work. The best quality of damask should be purchased to begin with, or that which is very good, as it will last much longer. Then embroider very large initials in the center, or one, if preferred. A very pretty one is made of plain linen, fine and heavy, with a conventional border of some bold flower worked in white linen floss, and then small ones scattered all through the center. All of the work should be raised from the surface by darning the pattern over many times before finishing.

A new style of ornamentation is an embroidered medallion in gold, pink or blue linen floss, placed in the center; and these scalled corners made to match. The napkins must be done in the same way.

It may seem as if so much work would not pay, but when it is remembered that these things will wear with decent care for years, and always, no matter what the style, be handsome, it is not so much out of the way after all, and in fact, is of more permanent value than much less work put upon things that are from their nature short lived.

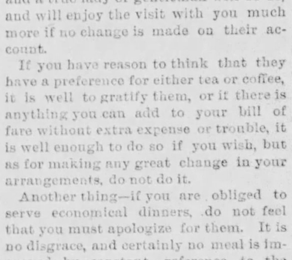
Tea cloths are frequently made of large napkins, the figures being outlined either in white or colored floss.

RIBBONS.—It is a present fancy to tie ribbons, wherever they will make a pretty contrast. Large bows upon the corners of a nice rocking chair are well liked. Window curtains are looped back with them, instead of using cords and tassels. In short, whenever there is a chance to use them for a pretty contrast, they are employed.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ct ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t c, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.



BABY'S VEST IN SHETLAND WOOL.—Needles No. 14 (ivory), 2 ounces of wool. Cast on 103. 1st row—k 2—*—k 2 tog—3 plain—wool forward—k 1—wool forward—k 3—k 2 tog—*—repeat from * to the end of the line (except k 2 at end.) There are 11 stitches in each pattern. 2d row—p the whole. 3d row—As first. 4th row—As second and so on until you can count 12 holes. Set the rib—k 2—p 2 to the end, and knit as many rows as are considered long enough for the vest—80 is a suitable number. This is half the vest. Sleeve—Set on 77—14 for gusset—(91 in all)—knitted plain on both sides—k 14—wool forward—k 3—k 2 tog—k 2 tog—k 3—wool forward—k 1—wool forward—k 2—k 2 tog—and so on until you count 7 holes—p each alternate line—not the gusset. At the top of vest and sleeve make holes as follows: k 1—wool forward—2 tog—wool forward—2 tog to the end of the line—3 plain rows—cast off. Simple crochet edging round the top—4 ch—miss 2 st—1 d c—and so on.

LAWN TENNIS CAP.—This cap is made of single zephyr wool, in strips of red and blue, and a No. 8 bone needle. The stitch is double crochet, the hook being put through both stitches of the chain. The work is done in rows, and each stripe consists of six rows of the same color. The first stripe is blue. Make a chain of 4 stitches, join, and work 12 double into the loop. 2d row—2 stitches into each stitch. 3d row—Work 2 into every alternate stitch. 4th row—3 into every third stitch. 5th row—The same. 7th row—Begin with red, and increase 4 stitches in each row. Increase very gradually henceforth keeping a pointed shape for six stripes, ending with red and beginning with blue; there should then be 93 stitches. The rest of the cap for eight alternates of blue and red rows is not increased. The 14th stripe is red. Then turn the cap round and work the other way round for the turn over in blue for 22 rows. Turn up half of this length and iron flat. The top is finished by a thick tassel of red wool.

Correspondence.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear,
The leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fail and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transported into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad those scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life;

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise;

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

—[Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

WHAT TO DO WITH HER.—I beg leave to enter the HOUSEHOLD long enough to say a few words, which I hope may be of some use to "Perplexed," if to no one else. I have had considerable experience with young girls, have three of my own, and I have found it a good plan, to divide the time with them; get them to help with the work, and while about it, make some plan to amuse them. A picnic on Saturday afternoon or a ride or short excursion to some place of interest, which we all have in reach of us. You will find that in anticipation of some treat, the girls will fly around until you are surprised. It would be mistaken kindness to neglect your work and your duty to your own family, in order to amuse an idle girl, or any one else, but it might be of lasting benefit to her to teach her how to work, and surely her parents would approve of it.—RUTH.

ONE MORE FOR LAURA.—Laura, your way is all right. Don't give up your half-hour talks, your "little visits" with your husband, because your neighbors do not approve of them. You are making a home for your husband and yourself, and if you would be happy, you must regulate your household affairs to suit "you two," not to suit outsiders. Years ago I was situated much as you are, and I, too, used to leave the dishes unwashed while I visited with my husband for a half hour or so before he went to the office. The neighbors who got up at four or five o'clock in the morning, and never stopped for a minute's rest until "every stitch of the work was done up," did not consider me a "model housekeeper," but I didn't care for that, for we were happy—my husband and I—always, and my husband was my lover as long as he lived.

My dear, the best housekeeper is not always the woman who invariably has her work "done up," and everything in "apple pie order" all of the time. The best housekeeper is the one who makes the best and the happiest home.—FANNY FIELD.

Correspondence Clippings.

I have read of people who could furnish a room with old packing boxes, making couches, dressing cases, divans, and all sorts of elegant things from them, with the addition of a few yards of cretonne or cambric. One lady wrote of furnishing a whole room with trunks and boxes that otherwise would have been stored in the attic, thus utilizing her guest chamber, for such it was, as a lumber room. The bed was made of three trunks set end to end, and one-half of a spring bed placed on top of them, the other half of the springs having been used to make a wonderfully cheap and comfortable "lounge" for her sitting room. I admired that odd arrangement for one reason—no one need ever expect a burglar to hide under it. Having read this, and similar descriptions, I tried to be economical and furnish a small bed room in this way. I succeeded in pounding my fingers, tiring myself most to death, using a great many nails and a considerable amount of paint, cretonne, cambric and muslin, and the result was—astonishing. The room, when furnished, looked no more like a room with "store furniture" than a little boy's home-made clothes resemble those made by a tailor. Now, sisters of the HOUSEHOLD, speak up and tell me—was it my fault, or are these descriptions of home-made furniture all imaginary and impracticable?—HELENA M.

What has become of those members of the HOUSEHOLD who used to send us such good letters?—Rose Geranium, Florence Eustis, and others. Are we never again to hear from them, or from "Jean Hunt," whose letters are so full of sensible suggestions and beautiful descriptions? Chatta Bella, we hope your silence is only because you are so busy among your beautiful flowers, and that you will give us the benefit of your summer experience, some more of your very interesting "flower" letters. Mrs. Burgess, too, has been silent for a long time and we would all like to hear what she has on her mind now. Phillippa, and all of the others who have done so much to make the HOUSEHOLD page so interesting, let us hear from you.—MRS. H. H. B.

When will Lu H. Wagner give us those letters on dress-making that she promised us? I have already seen several answers to her question of how many would like them, and I think there are very many readers of the HOUSEHOLD who would be thankful for them. I, for one, never had a chance to learn to do any thing but plain sewing and now I am obliged to do all of the dress-making and sewing for my family, and a little suggestion from some one who knows about cutting and fitting would be such a help to me.—MINERVA M. J.

Inquiries.

Would very pale heliotrope be suitable for an Italian-American? I have a beautiful one but hardly know what to make it up with. It is challie, cashmere finish. What would be best?—NORA SMITH.

To the best of our knowledge, "pale-heliotrope" would be suitable for an Italian-American to wear, if that color is becoming to her. Generally speaking it is a person's complexion more than her nationality, that decides such matters. We leave the question of "how to make it up," for our correspondents to answer. The sample of goods enclosed is crape.—ED.

Will some one send a list of refreshments for regular sewing society meetings? We are not allowed to have more than two things at a time, besides tea or coffee?—ELINOR.

Will the lady who gave her experience with knitting machines, in THE BLADE some time ago, (or some one else) please answer a few questions that may benefit many? Can any one learn to operate a knitting machine from printed directions? How long does it take to knit a pair of medium sized hose of woolen yarns? Are they complicated or hard to understand, and do they get out of order and need repairing when properly handled? Am anxious to know if it would be practical for me to send away for a machine and learn to use it without any assistance.—VIOLET VERNEY.

Will some one give an inexpensive recipe for making cheese on a small scale? I have only four cows.—E. PLESSINGER.

Answers to Inquiries.

Cathie S.:—Perhaps you have never heard that no inquiries are answered in this department, unless they are accompanied by the real name and address of the writer; but that is the rule of the paper. Your note had neither name, address nor date. Try again.—ED.

J. T. Cook:—We have not the address you wish for.—ED.

Mrs. E. R.:—We would like to oblige you, but cannot publish addresses of any kind, especially those of professional persons, in this department. Look in the advertising columns of any large paper and you will doubtless find what you wish.—ED.

Hester H. Allison:—Will find answer to her inquiry, regarding apple butter, among the recipes.—ED.

L. A. F.:—"Apostle spoons" were a dozen of silver spoons each containing an image, in relief, of one of the Apostles, upon its handle; sometimes with and sometimes without his name. In case the names were omitted, there was usually some emblem of the person represented. For instance, St. James would be attired as a pilgrim; St. Jude was usually pictured with a club, the emblem of his martyrdom; St. Peter with the keys, etc. These spoons were usually given by sponsors as baptismal gifts. If the giver could not afford to give the whole set, he would give one spoon bearing the image of the saint after whom the child was named, or to whom he was dedicated. An entry on the book of the Stationers' company, in the year 1500, shows that "Apostle spoons" were known at that early day. —[Century.

Lillian:—There is material called imitation China silk that costs from 12½ to 25 cents a yard, that makes very pretty curtains for bed rooms. It is very wide, can be washed, and drapes nicely.—KATE S.

J. T. G.:—A cold solution of salt and water snuffed up the nose three times a day is as good as a remedy for catarrh in the head as any thing. The treatment must be persevered in for some time, in order to obtain permanent relief.—M. D.

Mrs. M. J. Wright:—Wet a flannel cloth with arnica and bind on your sprained wrist, covering it with a cotton cloth, and wet frequently with arnica. Give the arm perfect rest.—GEORGE D. T.

Mrs. J. H. Parker:—Using a lead comb, it is said, will change red hair to a dark color, and it will be permanent, if you continue to use the comb.—Mrs. J. K. L.

Recipes.

This week in this column is given a *menu* for a dinner, consisting of soup, roast, two kinds of vegetables and dessert. It is wholesome, easily prepared by even an inexperienced housekeeper, and not at all expensive as the meat, which represents the greatest outlay, will answer for more than one meal. Now let some of the members of the HOUSEHOLD send a bill of fare for breakfast, dinner and supper, with recipes for preparing them, giving such as are within the reach of people of limited means, and such as are practical. We have plenty of theoretical and imaginary recipes in cook books. The HOUSEHOLD does not wish for those, but for something that will be of use to those who are daily puzzled to think "What shall we have for dinner or supper?"

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Put a shin of beef in a large kettle, cover with cold water and cook gently for three or four hours. This is best done the day before the soup is needed, as the fat can then be removed in a solid cake, the soup or stock remaining a clear jelly. Dissolve this jelly with sufficient hot water to make the requisite amount of soup. One hour before serving, add 1 carrot, 1 sweet potato, 1 turnip cut in small pieces, and 1 tablespoonful of rice; 20 minutes before serving add 1 white potato cut in small pieces, 1 cupful of peas, 1 ear of corn, and 1 tomato. When done, strain through a colander, season with salt and pepper, and serve very hot.—MRS. J. M. HENRY.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Boil 1½ pts. of green peas in salted water for 15 minutes; drain and press through a colander; add to them 1 qt. mutton broth and 1 table spoonful of grated onion. When this boils, stir in 1 tablespoonful of butter and 1 tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth and thinned with some of the broth until it is a liquid, and add just before serving ½ pt. of cream or new milk. Salt and pepper to taste. Spinach can be used in place of green peas, if preferred, and is prepared in the same manner.—MRS. J. S. T.

GRAVY.—A correspondent wishes to know how to make good gravy for roast beef. Like Mrs. Todgers, this lady thinks that "the item of gravy alone is enough to add twenty years to one's age." Hers is "too fat, too thick, or too pale," and as a last resort she comes to the HOUSEHOLD for assistance. First of all, in order to have the gravy just right, the meat must be properly roasted. Put it in a pan, with a little salt and pepper and ½ cupful of hot water. Bake fifteen minutes for every pound of meat, having the oven very hot for the first half hour and cooler towards the last. Baste the meat every ten minutes with the water in the pan and the fat that melts from the meat. When the meat is done, remove it from the pan, and pour off all but two tablespoonfuls of the fat, being careful to leave all the brown substance in the bottom of the pan. Put into the pan two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir over the fire until the flour is a dark brown, but not scorched; then add 2 cupfuls of warm water and stir till it boils. If not salt enough, season, and (if liked) add a slice of onion. Simmer gently for 2 or 3 minutes, remove the onion and serve. This, if the directions are followed, will give you a nut brown gravy entirely free from grease.

STEAMED POTATOES.—Wash the potatoes and, without removing the skins, steam them in a covered colander for about 35 or 40 minutes, or until you can easily pierce them with a fork. Allow ten minutes more for steaming than for boiling potatoes of the same size. When done, remove the skins, and serve in an uncovered dish.

SUMMER SQUASH.—Pare and cut into pieces, remove the seeds and put into a sauce pan of salted, boiling water, and boil 20 minutes. Drain and mash; turn into a strainer cloth, and squeeze until the squash is dry. Return to the sauce pan, add a teaspoonful of butter, a little salt and pepper; stir till the squash is very hot, and serve in a hot dish.

CHILLED RASPBERRIES FOR DESSERT.—Pour over the raspberries some orange or currant juice, sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar, and set on ice for ½ hour before serving with sweet cream.

A cheap, easily made cake to use with this, or any other fruit desert, is a Log Cabin Cake: Beat 1 rounding tablespoonful of butter; 1 cupful of sugar and the yolk of 2 eggs together until light, then add ½ cupful of milk; 1½ cupfuls of sifted flour; 1 heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir well, and lastly, add the beaten whites of 2 eggs and flavoring to taste.

—The declining powers of old age may be wonderfully recuperated and sustained by the daily use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

GENIUS UNHAPPY IN LOVE

STORY OF SOME MISERABLE ONES.

They Come to Grief in Various Ways—Fame Does Not Assure Happiness—Robert Louis Stevenson's Island Home.

IT has come to be a generally accepted belief that people of genius, both men and women, are not apt to be happy in their heart relations. Either they apply their art ideals to their loves, and disappointment results because such heights are not reached by the objects of their devotion, so that they flit from one to another, or their exactions weary these objects, who turn to men of ordinary mould with relief. However that may be, it is always interesting to read of the love affairs of those persons whose work has won them glory.

A little book recently published by Harper & Brothers, New York city, is very readable in this direction. It is entitled "Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius," and the author, Thomas Hitchcock, tells the stories of Gibbon and Madame Necker, Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, Goethe and Charlotte von Stein, Mozart and Aloysia Weber, Edward Irving and Mrs. Carlyle, and Cavour and "The Unknown."

In almost every instance one cannot help feeling that the women made a happy escape from a marriage with these lovers. Especially does one feel that way about Madame Necker and Gibbon. A man, no matter what his ability, who is so utterly selfish as he showed himself to be, could not have made such a woman happy. It is impossible to read without a feeling of contempt the letter which he writes to her telling her that he must give up the thought of making her his wife, that he came to this conclusion after debating two hours with himself. Only think of it! He spent two whole hours in deciding whether to yield up all thought of a life with the woman he pretended to love with his whole heart. It hardly seems possible that she could have retained any love for him after that; but she did, and, though she was very happy with Mr. Necker, whom she married later, there was still always a lingering sentiment of tenderness for Gibbon so long as he lived.

It is hard too, to understand how a beautiful woman like Mrs. Thrale could have loved one so uncouth and repulsive in his person and manners as all biographers describe Dr. Johnson to have been, man of talent though he was. Think of this! He throws anywhere down in his chair whatever he chances to drink, and only mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mistimes or misplaces everything. He disputes with heat and indiscriminately, mindless of the rank, character and situation of those with whom he disputes, absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity or respect." And that is extremely mild compared to most descriptions.

Yet there must have been something, as Mr. Hitchcock observes, that impressed his female friends, and it was probably the sense of power given by his colossal stature, his manly courage, and his great physical strength—these added to his intellectual gifts, and his delicate gallantry. For Johnson, no matter how coarse and sensual he may have been in other respects, was never so in regard to women, and his love for Mrs. Thrale seems to have been more inspired by her mind than by her person, beautiful as she was.

THEN we have Goethe, with his wonderful personal comeliness, and his genius, but notorious for his lack of constancy. Yet his love for Charlotte Von Stein seems to have been the one which was the strongest and most lasting; for it endured for thirteen years, and then, as one cannot help feeling in reading its history, died away because, in absence, his own character had deteriorated, while she, saddened by the death of her son, could not enter into his feelings upon his return. One cannot help but think that there was an absolute lack of delicacy in a man who would attempt to talk to a woman like Charlotte von Stein of a love affair which he had in Italy, that marked his own falseness to her. His subsequent conduct did not make her more tolerant of his faults and the final result was a complete separation, which, to her, was a calamity worse than his death would have been. "The dead are buried out of sight, and their memory is refined and clerified by the very affection which they inspired. But the living, fallen in our esteem, and, as it were, degrading the ideal we once had of them, are a constant thorn in the flesh."

That in the last years of her life something like their old affection was apparently restored between them is true, but there was that gone out of it that could never come back, no matter how great the effort to bring its revival.

ONLY one of the many love affairs of Mozart, and that the last before his marriage had any serious effect upon his character. Aloysia Weber was the object of his passion, but from the story it does not seem that she responded in any strong degree to his affection. His admiration began for her when she was but fifteen, and when her young mind was impressed by his genius. At no time, however, does she appear to have cared overmuch for him, and when they were separated for a season, she, "in her new surroundings, ceased to love the man whose departure she had wept over a few months before." We cannot but smile when she afterwards confesses how he appeared to her at that time. She said that he "was a little man," and she did not like his clothes, which, being in mourning for his mother, "was, after the Paris fashion, black, with red buttons." Later on he transferred his love to Constance Weber, the sister of Aloysia, whom he married.

The world has always been more interested in the unfortunate love of the celebrated Italian statesman, Count Cavour, because she was unknown, and is so designated in all that relates to her. That her whole story is a most sad one, we know. That her love for him was stronger than his for her, we also know; and that his treatment of her caused her intense suffering, is evident. He was madly in love with her for a season, then grew tired of what could go no further than an epistolary intercourse, unless it must be a short meeting at long intervals, and finally seemed to forget her altogether, so that when she had her liberty, it brought no joy to either.

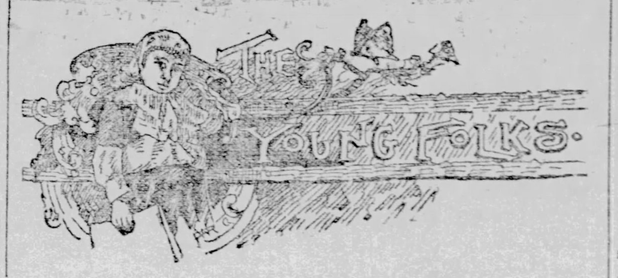
The last letter which she wrote to him shortly before her death closed thus pathetically:

"Camillo! farewell! At the moment I write these lines I am firmly resolved never to see thee again. Thou wilt read them—I hope—but when an insurmountable barrier shall have been raised up between us; when I shall have received the great initiation into the secrets of the tomb; when, perhaps,—I tremble in supposing it—thou shalt have forgotten me."

IT seems strange to think of Robert Louis Stevenson retired from the world, upon his island home of Samoa, where he is working away as if he were in the heart of civilization in London or New York. From the descriptions given us, he must be charmingly situated. The house is built upon a plateau of land, about three miles back of Apia and has a magnificent view of the ocean. In front is a broad, level expanse of grass with great forest trees scattered here and there, with pendant vines and clusters of ferns and plants in their forks, looking as if the hand of man had placed them there.

The correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* who describes the Stevensons in their far away home, says that Mr. Stevenson told him that while building the work was so pressing that they could not afford a messenger, and that the wolf not only looked in at the door but came in and sat on the table. He said that he remembered one meal at which the pair of them "sat down to one alligator pear."

They seem to be most happily situated now, however, and every body hopes Mr. Stevenson will recover his health and delight his admirers with his work for many years longer.



BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exercise our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

HARTLAND, WASH.
Horace M. Rothrock.
PLEASANT, WASH.
Ella Wylie, James W. Wylie.
WEST BERLIN, OHIO.
Fairy F. Hedden.
BIG SPRINGS, NEB.
Burl Gilliard, Earl Gilliard.

Names this week, 6. Total, 31,399.

The above embraces all names received up to July 20.

For the Young Folks.

Habit Stronger than Armies.

In the wood roamed an elephant, rampant and free;
A wonderous strong beast of the forest was he.
A hundred armed hunters all came out to take him;
You ought to have seen how fierce anger could shake him.
He slaughtered them left, and he slaughtered them right,
He put both the spearmen and bowmen to flight.
Then he strutted so proud, and he coughed hoarse and loud.
In his effort to sing, "Of the forest I'm king,
I'm a mighty big host for a mighty big crowd."

Well, the very next day, to that jungle there came
A much smaller elephant, gentle and tame.
A little boy devil, (the beast could have thrown him
Clear over the hill, if he only had known him,)
Brought cords, more light threads, I could break them in two,
Just like that. Do you see? So also could you.
This tame elephant stood in a sweet, pleasant mood,
And the monarch decoyed, who was so overjoyed
That he lost both himself and his dear native wood.

For the boy tied his string to old crusty coat's leg,
And then to a tree that he used for a peg.
The elephant now could as easily snap it
As you break a tumbler, in fun, when you tap it.
But he never gave heed to the boy on the ground;
Still winding his cordlet around and around
Both the leg and tree, until now, we shall see
The beast struggle and tug, see him pull, see him lug.
But he never, no never, no never, gets free,
Now, my boys and my girls, I have told this for you.
Things like it are happening all our lives through,
Say the boys, "I can play with sin and temptation,
And still hold to paths of discreet moderation;"
While e'en then they are trifling with habits to bind
The whole of their manhood, both body and mind.
Dearest Christ, hear our prayer; give our spirits to share
All Thy wisdom and grace, to stand firm in our place.
Lest subtle beginnings our whole lives ensnare.

DANIEL FOWLER DEWOLF.

Atlanta, June 12, 1891.

ANNA SEWELL.

Anna Sewell, the author of "Black Beauty," was born in Yarmouth, England. While only in her teens she met with an accident that crippled her for life. After her death, her mother (Mrs. Mary Sewell, author of "Mother's Last Words," "Our Father's Care," etc., etc.), writing in regard to her, said: "We tried everything as far as our circumstances would allow, for I always kept alive the hope that the healing time would come. And so the years passed away, neither of us yielding to despair—she always doing the most she could do, and doing all cheerfully. She is now safe in heaven, with all her work done. God has given her the victory. All who knew her loved her; and she has left an example of the most persevering industry and patience. Her sufferings never made gloom or a cloud in the house. She never brooded over her loss of power, or the loss of the changes or amusements which others enjoy. Her own mind was always a storehouse of resource to herself; it was a rich garden full of thought and ready appreciation of the genius and talents of others. She was my sunshine always; there never came the slightest cloud between us. Thank God."

Her early Christian life was of a somewhat ordinary type, but as she reached the age of 25 there was awakened an intense desire to know more of the personal Christ. At this time she writes: "This is my birthday. O what a happy one compared to any I have had so long! I feel as if I had exchanged a rough, stormy sea for a calm, smooth river. Last Sunday week was the first time I took my class for the afternoon. I did not get on very well, for in the morning I had given way to sin, and therefore did not get near to Christ, for I sinned wilfully, knowingly resisting the voice of the Spirit in my heart, and so the sting was left behind. The darkness returned for two or three days; then I was able to lay my sin at the feet of my Savior, and leave it there." Two months later her diary reads: "Mother went to Brighton and I stayed to attend to the planting of seeds in the garden. My feet were very weak, and I prayed that they might be strengthened sufficiently for me to attend to what was necessary. The Lord most graciously heard me and gave me more strength than I have had for some time, so that I am able to see after the garden properly."

At this time Miss Sewell's father's business carried him daily ten miles from his home. A friend, writing of the time, says: "Anna unconsciously studied for 'Black Beauty' in driving her father to and from the Shoreham station." Seventeen years afterwards the same friend, who had been visiting the family, says: "When the carriage that was to take me to the station came to the door, Anna was standing in the hall, enveloped in a large mackintosh. The future writer of 'Black Beauty' was to be my driver. I found that she and her mother were in the habit of driving out most days without attendance, the understanding between themselves and their horse being perfect. The persistant rain obliged us to keep up our umbrellas. Anna seemed simply to hold the reins in her hand, trusting to her voice to give all the needed directions to her horse. She evidently believed in her horse having a moral nature, if we may judge by her mode of remonstrance. 'Now, thee shouldn't walk up this hill; don't thee see how it rains? Now thee must go a little faster; thee would be sorry for us to be late at the station.' I think it was during this drive that I told Anna of something Horace Bushnell had written about animals. Soon after the publication of 'Black Beauty' I had a little note from her, written from her sofa, in which she says: 'The thoughts you gave me from Horace Bushnell years ago have followed me entirely through the writing of my book, and have, more than anything else, helped me to feel it was worth a great effort to try, at least, to bring the thoughts of men more in harmony with the purposes of God on this subject.'"

The years of suffering passed slowly on. "Do thee never break down or fret about it, darling?" said her mother. She replied: "Sometimes when I am alone in my room I do say, 'Poor Nannie.' But as the efforts of physicians proved entirely unavailing, she and her mother felt that something more was needed than even patience and hope. They knew they wanted some greater deliverance than they had hitherto asked or thought, and they threw themselves afresh on the guidance of the Spirit, and asked to be shown how to attain the perfect harmony with His will,—how to be one with Him in His plans and purposes, and not to be permitted to be so often asking for something which appeared to be crossing His will. The result of this entire yielding up the will of God—the consent given on their part that the furnace should be what He chose to make it, was that "He turned for them the shadow of death into morning." The word is not "exchanged." The wonderful alchemy known in heaven can make morning out of the shadow of death. The promise was fulfilled to them—"I will give thee the treasures of darkness."

The year 1874 was a marked one to Anna Sewell. In that year a friend sent her a little booklet, by Mrs. Pearsall Smith, called "A Word to the Wavering Ones." Those who had watched her perfect patience and uprightness before God and man were astonished that she could class herself among these. But through the means of that little book she received something which her soul had longed for all her life. She wrote to a friend that though she had loved her Savior for so many years, that summer was the first time that she had really known what it is to abide in Christ.

This latter experience was during the time she was occupied in writing "Black Beauty." The first mention of this work occurs in her journal under date November 6, 1871: "I am writing the life of a horse and getting dolls ready for Christmas." No other entry on this subject occurs till December 6, 1876: "I am getting on with my little book, 'Black Beauty.' Another brief record is as follows: "I have for six years been confined to the house and to my sofa, and have from time to time, as I was able, been writing what I think will turn out a little book, its special aim being to induce kindness, sympathy, and an understanding treatment of horses." The next is dated August 21, 1877: "My first proofs of 'Black Beauty' are come; very nice type." It is touching to remember that this "beautiful equine drama," as it has been called, was thought out almost entirely from the sofa where so much weakness and pain were daily endured. When a time came during which she was capable of enduring the fatigue of writing, it was done in pencil—the mother, sitting by, received the paper from the weary hand and made a fair copy of it. That a book accomplished in such a fragmentary way should "show no joins," says much for the skill of the writer. But oh what discipline must have been endured in having perpetually to leave off in the most interesting place!

"Black Beauty" was published near the end of the year 1877, and Anna lived just long enough to hear of its remarkable success. But can she ever know what a mighty power for good it has been and is in this country? We have frequent opportunities of conversing with the London city missionaries to cabmen. Their testimony is, that many agencies have been at work of late years which have greatly helped to ameliorate the condition both of men and horses, such as cabmen's shelters, systematic religious and temperance teaching, the watchful vigilance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, etc.; but they say nothing has told so strongly for good among the men themselves, or induced such a humane treatment of horses, as the influence and teaching they have gained from "Black Beauty." Both men and boys read it with the greatest avidity, and may declare it to be the best book in the world. Many of our public organs, foremost among them the *Times*, have for some years past borne the strongest testimony to the remarkable improvement which has taken place in everything connected with cabs and cabmen. Perhaps few who chronicle those changes and improvements know how much of what they commend is due to the genius and prayers of one fragile woman. "She never went forth to sow, but there rose from her lowly couch of pain the fervent, pleading prayer;" the prayer for happier men, happier horses, and happier homes, and that we might know how to use and not abuse God's munificent gift to us; and God has heard her prayers and permitted her to be a fellow worker with Himself in bringing about these beneficent changes.

Her life work was nearly done. In the winter of 1877-78 a cold settled on her lungs, and the feeble, worn-out frame had no power of resistance; rapid decline set in. In April, 1878, her mother wrote: "Day by day the precious life is longing for its home. 'Here in the body pent,' weary and breathless, suffering night and day. That is one side of the picture; here is another—resting in the will of God, without the shadow of a cloud between her soul and her Savior. She is longing for the hour of her deliberation, and I do not hold her. I give her up freely to her blessed portion—the remainder of my days sweetened by the thought of her certain gain."

The last little note before the end:—

"Beloved Friend: We are going through the valley in tender sunshine. Every rough stone is taken away before it appears in sight. We are both together under His wing. He knows our frame. He remembers we are dust. Blessed be His name for his tender mercies.

"Most lovingly yours,
"MARY SEWELL."

About three or four days after this I received a card in the well-known writing, and read:

"Forever with the Lord."
"All tears wiped away."

At the end of a week came the following letter: "I will try to write you a few lines. . . . In the morning of the day, I went into her room about 4 o'clock, having heard her incessantly coughing for a long time. 'Oh,' she said in her bright, sunny way, 'thee art not so good as thee said thee would be. Go to bed, darling; I really have had some nice sleep.' I returned again

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

The Commissioner Emphatically Declines to Enter into Any Contract For the Education of Indian Youths.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—In a letter to Father Chappelle, vice-president of the Catholic Missions Bureau, giving the reasons which influenced his action in no longer making contracts with that bureau, Commissioner Morgan says:

"On entering upon my present duties, I expressed my preference for the government rather than the contract system, as being more in harmony with the American idea of education by means of the public schools. At the same time I stated that the schools maintained by the government for the education of the Indians should be strictly non-sectarian and non-partisan; and further that the appropriation of public funds to sectarian institutions was, in my opinion, contrary to the spirit if not the letter of the constitution, and opposed to public policy.

"I said, however, distinctly and repeatedly, that I was not my purpose or wish to interfere in any way with the contract schools then existing, unless for good and sufficient reasons, expressing, however, a determination not to authorize any new contract schools.

"My position on the qustion was violently assailed by your bureau. False charges were preferred against me, and the most determined but futile efforts were made to prevent my confirmation and to secure my displacement. An employe if discharged for cause from this office was immediately given employment by your bureau, where he is still retained, and during the entire two years the bureau has both directly and indirectly, in season and out of season, publicly and privately, through newspapers and personal interviews, through official correspondence and in the lobby of Congress, assailed the policy of the administration and attempted to defeat the extension and successful operation of the government schools. Those in your employ in the field, and others, instigated apparently by the attitude of the bureau, have endeavored, directly and indirectly, to hinder the efforts of the government in its beneficient work of educating and civilizing the Indian through its own appropriate means. These inuendoes, emanating from your bureau, have been in some respects at least hurtful and it is certainly not its fault that the government schools have not been crippled or even destroyed.

"While drawing hundreds of thousands of dollars of government funds to build up and sustain the mission schools under your charge, your bureau has thrown the whole weight of its influence against the government, upon whose bounty it subsisted.

"Your attitude of hostility, criticism and aggressive antagonism has rendered official intercourse between your bureau and this office very difficult and harrassing, largely increasing its work and hindering and delaying the general cause of Indian education. During this period of time the president of your bureau, Rev. J. A. Stephen, has never, so far as known, taken any pains to bring about pleasanter relations with the Indian office; has never spoken to me or, so far as I am aware, been in the office, and is entirely unknown to me, even by sight."

The commissioner then complains of the bureau for inspiring an article asserting that the trouble with the Moqui Indians in Arizona was due to the commissioner's opposition to contract schools, and continuing, says:

"Receiving no explanation or apology from you therefor, as I had a right to expect, I sent you word that I would be glad to see you in reference to it, and in full conference, you expressed yourself as being displeased with the offensive article, disclaimed all responsibility for it, and said that you had reprimanded the employe of your bureau from whom it emanated. You admitted that he was the person who had been dismissed from this office for cause, and who was at once taken into your employ, where he still remains, and I pointed out to you that he had been the promoter of discord during the last two years, and that in my opinion there could be no harmonious relations while he continued in your service.

"I further maintained that no employe of your bureau sustaining the relations it does to this office has a right to make these assaults and suggested, in the interests of harmony, that this man be immediately discharged from your bureau.

"To this proposition you would not consent, although repeating with emphasis your disapproval of his action, stating that it was unwarrantable, and that he had used your name without authority and that you were both pained and shocked.

"I have reflected very carefully over this matter, taken high counsel regarding it, and I most reluctantly feel constrained to say that the office declines to enter into contract with your bureau for the education of Indian youth."

CONTRACT LABOR LAW.

It Does Not Apply to Skilled Mechanics Who Come Here For a Temporary Sojourn.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—Some doubt having arisen among certain foreign governments as to the effect of the contract labor laws of the United States as to applied to the Chicago exposition of 1893, the secretary of State recently requested an official opinion from the attorney general upon the subject.

The cases presented concerned skilled experts who may come from foreign countries to aid foreign exhibitors in setting up and operating machinery to be brought to the United States and exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition; also clerks, stall-keepers and other persons whose services may be required by foreign exhibitors at that exposition.

After fully discussing the legislation upon the subject the attorney general has rendered an opinion that skilled employes of foreign exhibitors at the Chicago exposition who come in good faith for the purpose of setting up and operating the machinery of such exhibitors are outside of and not subject to the contract labor laws of the United States.

The same is expressed with reference to clerks, stall-keepers, and other persons coming to the United States for the sole purpose of aiding foreign exhibitors.

The attorney general says: "This would seem, in all fairness, to be the clear and reasonable intent of the legislation as affecting the great enterprise and in harmony with the spirit and purposes of the act of Congress approved April 25, 1890, providing for the due and proper celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus."

Ecuador's Exhibits.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—Mr. W. P. Tisdel, commissioner to Ecuador for the World's Columbian exposition, writes as follows from Quito, under date of June 16: The president says he has decided to have here in Quito, early in the coming year, a national exposition and in this way he hoped and expected to make a good showing of the industries of Ecuador. He says further that he will take from the National museum the most interesting objects and transfer all to the Chicago exposition. There is a strong disposition on the part of all the cabinet to build in Chicago an exact imitation of an Inca temple, which exists here, and I think this will be exhibited.

Will Be Sent Back.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—Assistant Secretary Spaulding has directed that Chong Sam, a Chinaman, who entered this country near Port Huron, Mich., by way of Canada, in violation of the Chinese exclusion act be sent to San Francisco for deportation to China, at government expense.

Went Up the Wrong Way.

BURLINGTON, Ia., July 18.—The Burlington Airship Co., incorporated two months ago, capital $10,000,000, wrs dissolved. Little or no stock could be sold.

THE MODUS VIVENDI.

Victoria Sealing Schooners Have Concluded to Submit to the Situation and Accept the Inevitable.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—Whatever may have been the original purpose of the Victoria sealing schooners, it is plain that they have already concluded to submit to the *modus vivendi* without efforts to evade it. Several of these vessels have returned to their home port from Sand Point and its neighborhood, having quietly accepted the warning of the Thetis not to enter Behring Sea, without waiting for British war vessels to order them away. Among those that have come back are the Maggie Mac and the Triumph, both of which were noted for defying the President's proclamation in former years by hunting in Berings sea. Capt. Dodds, of the Maggie Mac, is said to have made a threat that he would fire on any American officers that attempted to board his vessel. The Triumph was one of the two vessels that went up to Bering sea last year after the regular season was over, for the supposed purpose of making a raid on the Pribylov islands; and they certainly returned with about eighty seals each, although it did not clearly appear where they had been taken. But it is probable that if vessels like these two have now given up in Bering sea, the others will follow their example.

Besides the Thetis there are other navy vessels and revenue cutters engaged in the same duty of notification, so that the chances are good for turning homeward the entire Victoria fleet before it has done any hunting in Bering Sea. If so, the total catch of the season by the Victoria vessels is not likely to much exceed 20,000.

The elaborate preparations made by the British government and ours to enforce the *modus vivendi* will not long be needed. A force of something like ten ships is said to have been assigned by the two countries for this purpose, and it was even stated that our government had chartered a vessel to be used as a prison ship and stationed at Oonalaska. Three various vessels have their orders, and the patrolling of Bering Sea will be kept up at least by our revenue cutters, lest under cover of the return of a portion of the vessels to Victoria others should remain and attempt to evade the law. There is also a specific task assigned to some of the vessels in taking to Bering Sea the commissioners of the two countries who are to collect evidence to be used before the tribunal of arbitration.

The early close of the season will perhaps be hardest on the Indian hunters who get employment to the number of twenty or so to each vessel. Those that live at the Prebylov islands will be taken care of by our government and its lessees, but the British Columbian authorities may find some families of the coast Indians needing aid next winter. All other interests seem to have been carefully looked after in the *modus vivendi* agreement. The Victoria vessels are to be indemnified for all losses suffered by them through the execution of this agreement, and Congress will probably be applied to for legislation in view of the great changes made both last year and the present in the sealhunting industry of the islands as contemplated in the contract with the present lessees. Nobody can doubt the wisdom of checking the killing of the animals under the joint agreement. The experts hold that even a few years of diminished slaughter will greatly multiply the animals, so that with the large royalty paid by the lessees of the Prebylov islands it may be for the pecuniary interests of the government in the end to submit to the present loss of income. A few years hence it can probably restore the annual take to 100,000, as during the first twenty years of its use of the island.

THE CHICKASAWS.

Legal Status of the Residents—Baleful Practice of Land Leasing Among the Indians—The Real Difficulty.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—The representatives of the Chickasaw nation in the Indian territory have been clamorous for some time past that the general government should remove from their territory intruders who, it was alleged, have settled on the lands of the nation without an invitation. Finally, the secretary of the Interior decided to comply with this request, and last January the Indian office took the matter up. Instructions were issued to the agents to expel all persons residing in the territory who had no legal right to remain there. The agent carried out his orders, but found after searching a territory of 400 square miles that there were only nine persons out of the entire population who were not entitled to reside in the territory.

The legal status of residents was based upon the Chickasaw laws, which enable persons to acquire residence in the territory when they have a permit. The practice has been very general among the Chickasaws to lease their lands to outsiders who would pay a certain rental. They were required also to pay a small fee and then a permit was issued to them. The agent recognized such permits as entitling the holder to remain in the territory. The governor of the Chicasaws, however, objected to the basis which determined the rights of individuals to a residence in the Chickasaw country, and wrote a long letter to Indian Commissioner Morgan, taking exception to the rule furnished by the agent for his own guidance.

In a letter to Gov. Byrd, the commissioner, after careful consideration, has approved substantially the rules adopted by the agent and says:

"Having decided to approve the rules substantially as adopted by the agent, and inasmuch as you express the opinion that said rules if adhered to would result in rendering the movement non-effective, I telegraphed Agent Bennet under date of July 14, 1891, as follows:

You are hereby authorized to exercise your own judgement with reference to the further continuance of present effort to expel intruders from Chickasaw Nation. Write me your decision.

"It can only say now if the Chickasaw authorities desire to have the aid of the government in ridding the nation of intruders, they must modify their permit laws in such manner as will make it possible for the government to act intelligently in dealing with the matter, and to determine who are intruders, and must submit a list of intruders which can be relied upon. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that defects were found in the practicable application of your permit laws, in view of the various phases not forseen by you that the question of the removal of intruders from the Chickasaw Nation has assumed.

"It possible for this department by cooperating with the Chichasaw authorities to fully identify all persons residing in the nation without authority of law and to make effective future efforts by this department to remove intruders. I desire in conclusion to say that it is hardly to be expected that the United States government will undertake the work of collecting the permit taxes of the Chickasaw Nation from non-citizens whose residence in the nation is otherwise acceptable to the nation."

It is believed that this will be the end of the campaign started to clear the intruders out of the Chickasaw country. The real difficulty seems to lie in the form of the Chickasaw laws relating to permits and in the looseness with which they are enforced by the Chickasaw officials. The Chickasaw government is unable to collect taxes from a number of residents, and in the list of 6,000 names of alleged intruders furnished to the Indian office by the Chickasaws, these non-tax-payers are included.

Fishing Vessels Seized.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—Secretary Foster has received another telegram from Representative Boutelle, in regard to the seizure of American fishing vessels near Eastport, Me., by a Dominion steamer, last Thursday. Mr. Boutelle intimates that some of the seizures were made in American waters, and suggests that a revenue cutter be sent to Eastport for the better protection of American fishing interests in that vicinity.

Mabel Mason Honored.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—The secretary of the treasury has awarded a silver life saving medal to Mabel Mason, daughter of the keeper of the Mamajuda lighthouse, Lake Erie, for heroic conduct in saving Thomas Jones from drowning in the Detroit River, May 11, 1890.

POPE LEO ILL.

The Nervous System of the Aged Pontiff Shaken by an Explosion—Fatal Consequences May Result.

ROME, July 18.—Rome was no less startled than the rest of the world to learn yesterday that his holiness, Pope Leo XIII, had on Thursday been seized with a serious illness. The announcement of the fact, late as it was, came unaccompanied by any particulars as to the nature of the malady which had so suddenly and apparently so completely prostrated the holy father.

All that is known is the fact that the illness of the aged pontiff was of such a nature as to cause a panic in the Vatican, and the sending in hot haste for Dr. Caccarelli, the distinguished Italian specialist. The health of the pope is a matter fraught with so much for the whole of mankind, and is a circumstance upon which such mighty interests hang, that the last place in the world to obtain information of the condition of an ailing pontiff, has ever been the Vatican.

That the present case was not an exception to the rule, was ascertained by the representative of the Associated Press when he attempted to explain some of the particulars of the illness of the pope. The attendants at the palace could be induced to say notning but that already made known. Dr. Caccarelli had been in attendance; that the holy father was now better.

Being pressed closely, they avoided further conversation by saying that any information with regard to the health of the pope to which the world was entitled would be given in the form of bulletins. The question whether the papal health was so precarious as to suggest a possibility of the early appearance of a bulletin elicited nothing more than a faint smile and gentle shrug of the shoulders.

The officers of the Italian government, who naturally take an extremely lively interest in the matter, were quite willing to talk, but unfortunately knew no more of the matter than did others who were very near the sacred person of Leo XIII. It is recalled that on the occasion of the explosion of the powder magazine at Pezzo Panteleo, which on April 23, convulsed Rome from center to circumference, the pope, who was at the time celebrating low mass, received a shock which flung him into the arms of his attendant.

Although it was reported a few days after the accident that the holy father had recovered from its effects, there are many who believed then, as now, that the injury done to the nervous system of so old and feeble a man as Leo XIII, could not fail to have serious, if not fatal results.

MAY SUPERSEDE AMERICAN BACON.

Objects of the Recently Formed Russian Bacon Company.

LONDON, July 16.—In an interview the secretary of the Russian Bacon company, which has recently established markets in London, Hamburg, Havre and Barcelona, said that the company was confident that it would oust American bacon from the European market. Germany and France, which disfavor the American article, not only permit, but encourage the sale of Russian bacon within their territory. "Some time ago," he said, "twenty workmen were sent by Russia to Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City, who obtained employment in packing houses, and managed to learn a good deal about the general condition and methods of the business in America. Upon the strength of their representations the government proceeded to erect an immense factory near Graizi, 200 miles from Moscow, at a cost of $105,000, and leased it at a nominal figure to the company for 21 years.

The government also afforded the company special railway facilities, whereby it is able to deliver a pound of bacon in ten days at nine pence per hundred weight, less than the freight cost from Chicago. Deliveries are made in Hamburg in seven days. The company employs fifteen Irish dressers, who receive $10 per week. A host of other employes, all Russians, receive only nine pence per day, so that the cost of labor is much less than in the American cities. Graizi commands a product of 18,000,000 hogs immediately, with double that number in prospect for the near future. The company purposes to open markets in all of the important cities in Europe soon. The company's bacon is sold in the London market to-day at 41 shillings per hundred weight.

A PROCLAMATION BY BALMACEDA.

Decree Concerning the Payment of Duties on Imports.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—President Balmadeda, of Chili, has issued the following decree concerning the payment of duties on imported goods:

SANTIAGO, June 6, 1891.

WHEREAS, the national Congress had decreed the following law:

Article 1. To count from the date when this law shall come into force, import duties and storage shall be paid on the periods and form following: During the first month 10 per cent. of the amount owing in hard dollars or their equivalent in gold currency; the remainder in paper authorized by law, at the rate of $15 paper specie dollar. During the second month the part payment to be made in specie will be 20 per cent. In the third, 30 per cent and so on, increasing by 10 per cent per month, no other money but specie currency to be received after the tenth month inclusive.

Article 2. The law of the 5th of May last is hereby repealed, and this law shall become operative one month after its publication in the diario oficial. The duties on goods taken, or that may be taken, out of the bond after the aforesaid date of May 5, shall be calculated according to the law which was in force prior to that date.

MORE IRREGULARITIES UNEARTHED.

Discrepancies Discovered in one of the Canadian Departments.

OTTAWA, Ont., July 17.—The Public Accounts committee of the House of Commons yesterday unearthed more irregular payments in connection with the department of the Interior. It was shown that money was withdrawn under fictitious names, and that the system of certifying to accounts of extra work was loose, to say the least of it. H. H. Turner, a clerk in the department, acknowledged having drawn money under his wife's maiden name for extra work he had done himself. Since 1884 he had received $2,300 in that way. Lyndewade Peirra, secretary of the department, admitted having drawn money for extra work for seven or eight years in his wife's name and Ellen Berry's name. Ellen Berry, he said, was a fictitious name. In 1886 the money for extra work thus drawn in his wife's name amounted to $400.

M. Burgess, deputy minister of the Interior, submitted statements in which he admitted that the civil service act had been violated, but stating that he thought the permanent clerks earned all they had received.

In consequence of the disclosures made to the committee Mr. Peirra was suspended.

Parnell's Costs.

LONDON, July 17.—The solicitors employed by Capt. O'Shea in his suit for divorce, in which Mr. Parnell was named as co-respondent, write to-day denying the statement made yesterday that Mr. Parnell has paid the costs of the suit, amounting to $5,000. The lawyers say that Mr. Parnell offered in May to pay one half in cash and the balance in a month. Capt. O'Shea accepted the offer, but, they add, nothing has been heard since of Mr. Parnell's offer and nothing has been seen of his money. The greatest difficulty is experienced in serving the bankruptcy order on Mr. Parnell, and he is now moving in court to set aside the order on the ground that he is not domiciled in England.

Prince George in England.

LONDON, July 16.—Prince George, of Graece, reached this city to-day from Liverpool, having arrived there from New York, by the City of New York. The Prince of Wales has placed a suite of apartments in Marlborough house, at his disposal. The Prince of Wales has also detailed one of his aides-de-camp to attend Prince George during the latters stay in England.

Will Make a Personal Inspection.

LONDON, July 15.—Mr. Chaplin, president of the board of agriculture, in receiving a delegation of ship owners, said that before issuing the proposed regulations for the Atlantic cattle trade he would personally inspect cattle steamers at the leading ports and would frame the regulations in a spirit conciliatory to the trade.

POLICY OF THE LIBERALS.

Stronger Than Ever in Favor of Home Rule for Ireland—Foreign Notes.

LONDON, July 16.—Earl Spencer, formerly lord lieutenant of Ireland, declares that the policy of the Liberals in favor of home rule for Ireland is at present stronger than ever. The cry of the Conservatives that home rule is dead is utterly false. It was a living principle, and is as popular in English constituencies now as before disaster overtook the Parnellites. He declared that home rule would be the first proposal to be introduced in the next Liberal Parliament.

The Next Election.

LONDON, July 16.—Lord Salisbury says that he could not tell when the next election would take place. All he knew about the matter was that the septennial act would come into operation in August, 1893. He was not so certain of the future as was Mr. Labouchere, who knew of papers in the foreign office which he himself (Salisbury), never saw, and who attributed to him, as minister of foreign affairs, things whereof he had never dreamt. Lord Salisbury further said that he would not deal with political meteorology beyond saying that he had no fear of the future.

Speaking in regard to a revision of the electorate, Lord Salisbury declared that any change in this direction ought to be associated with a redistribution of the seats in parliament.

The conservatives had no cause to dread the result. Ireland, Wales and North Scotland were greatly over-represented, while, England, especially London, was greatly under-represented, and a redistribution of seats must be to the advantage of the conservatives.

The Copyright Act.

LONDON, July 16.—The president of the board of Trade, the Right Hon. Sir M. E. Hicks-Beach, replying to a deputation from the Chamber of Commerce urging the amendment of the copyright act in order to permit the copyrighting of any book without compelling the author, native or alien, to reside in the kingdom, provided the type is set in a country belonging to the International Copyright union, said: "The great mass of printing and publishing of England is quite outside of the operations of the new American copyright law. Only the book trade will be affected, which is not more than five per cent of the printing trade of the country. We shall shortly be able to see what the effect of the American copyright act will be. I do not think that the time for legislation has come."

A BANK FAILURE.

Non-Collectable Bills in the Argentine Republic Are Responsible For the Suspension—Spurgeon Improving.

LONDON, July 18.—The English bank of the River Plate (limited) whose officers are at No. 15 Saint Swithin's lane, this city, and of which A. E. Smithers is managing director, has suspended payment in consequence of the failure of the bank to secure assistance that was expected to be received to enable the bank to tide over its troubles.

The difficulties of the bank are due to the locking up of South American securities. The capital of the bank is $7,500,000, half of which is paid in. The other half of the capital is only applicable in the event of the bank's liquidation and cannot be applied to the purposes of business. The institution has a reserve of $2,100,000. During the past three years the bank has paid a yearly dividend of ten per cent. The difficulty in which the bank now finds itself arose from the impossibility of collecting debts due it in the Argentine Republic, in consequence of the Moratorium decree recently entered by the republic. Among the directors of the bank are Hon. Carr Glynn and Lord George Hamilton.

A Wrecked Schooner.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 20.—Particulars have been received by mail of a harrowing disaster on the New Foundland coast, the schooner Pubnico Belle being wrecked, and two women and five children lost.

Capt. Samuel Butts, of the lost vessel, states that the Pubnico Belle, with a crew of four men, left Catalina on the morning of Wednesday, the 8th instant, bound for St. Johns, with a cargo of lumber. She had also on board five women and five children as passengers.

There came on a storm of wind and rain from 11:30 o'clock Wednesday night until daylight Thursday morning. The vessel lost her mainsail and foresail successively and ran ashore on the cliff at 2:30 o'clock Thursday morning. The crew got an anchor, which checked the vessel, but the chain parted from the violence of the storm. William Rose jumped ashore, and the captain threw a line to him. By this means the crew got ashore and the following passengers were saved: Mrs. Rachel Burton, Miss Julia Burton and Miss Welis.

Mrs. Freeman and Miss Carolina Higgins were drowned, and five children were also lost, one being Mrs. Freeman's infant, another child coming on to St. Johns, and the remaining three belonging to Mrs. Rachel Burton—a boy of 12 years, a boy of 9 and a girl of 5 years.

Extremists Are Dissatisfied.

PARIS, July 18.—The vote of the Chamber of Deputies yesterday expressing confidence in the government, has not satisfied the Extremists, who are continuing the agitation in regard to the Alsace-Lorraine passport regulations and who have not ceased their attempts to incite feelings against the government. At a meeting of the Extremist party held last night it was resolved to call a public meeting to protest against what they term "the treachery and cowardice of the government." During the past night the Strasburg statue on the Place de la Concorde, was, by some parties unknown, enveloped in a large crepe veil. The police removed the veil and are hunting for the perpetrators of this outrage.

DeFreycinet May Resign.

PARIS, July 18.—The Chamber of Deputies, to-day, approved the remaining clauses of the tariff relating to the temporary free admission of certain imports. The entire new tariff measure was then passed by a vote of 387 to 110. The chamber then rejected the proposal made by M. DeFreycinet, president of the council and minister of war, to grant the sum of $120,000 to the Ecole Polytechnic. As a result the session of the chamber was suspended and the cabinet council was summoned to consider the situation. It is reported that M. De Freycinet has decided to tender his resignation.

Jewish Persecution Relaxed.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 20.—The persecution of the Jews has been somewhat relaxed. The decree for the expulsion of Jewish artisans from this city has been indefinitely postponed, and renewed orders have been sent to the press to refrain from publishing articles likely to excite animosity against the Jews.

Another naval corps has been added to the Black sea fleet. The building of four vessels for this corps will be expedited.

Will Admit American Pork.

PARIS, July 15.—It is believed that the government has decided to accede to the request of the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, the United States minister, to remove the embargo upon American pork, as it is known that the government has agreed to bring forward a bill modifying the general customs tariff of May, 1881, and fixing the duty at 20 francs per 100 kilos on all salted pork, ham and bacon imported from the United States.

Failure of the Fisheries.

QUEBEC, July 18.—The Canadian gulf fisheries this season are a total failure so far as the north shore and the Magdalen islands are concerned. Official information has been received by the Dominion agency of fisheries here from an agent on Grindstone Island, that the spring school of cod passed the island while the entire population was down with the grippe, and that none could be caught.

LISBON, July 20.—The scarcity of coin in Portugal is severely felt. Commercial houses, both here and in Oporto, are accepting 2,500 reis notes, which they take at a heavy discount. The premium on the sovereign is now 15 per cent.

CYCLONE IN WISCONSIN.

A Partially Completed Hotel Crushed Like an Egg-Shell and Several Workmen Buried in the Debris.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., July 17.—A wind storm of terrific violence swept over this city yesterday, carrying death and destruction in its path. The wind was accompanied by pouring rain and the air was heavily charged with electricity. The storm lasted only about thirty minutes, but during that period many thousands of dollars' of damage was done, besides the taking of least five lives and the visiting of terrible injuries upon many parties.

During the progress of the storm an alarm of fire was turned in from the Fifth ward and the department responded to find the new large 4-story frame hotel on Third street, near Lamborn avenue, a mass of ruins. The structure had blown down and the cry went up from a hundred excited individuals that the wreck was the tomb of many men. The news flashed over the city with startling rapidity. Hacks and drays containing their loads flew to the scene of the disaster. Meantime the rain was falling in torrents and the lightning was crashing like artillery. The building was a complete wreck. In spite of the pouring rain, the visitors on the scene prosisted in and assisted the firemen in the cause of rescue. Men in all professions and walks of life stood shoulder to shoulder and worked with only the thought of humanity's sake. Fully 3,000 people were at the ruins. There were five killed and a number wounded.

MARRIAGE OF NINA VAN ZANDT.

The Constructive Widow of Anarchist Spies Happily Wedded.

CHICAGO, July 17.—Miss Nina Van Zandt and S. Stafano Malato were married last night, at the residence of the bride's parents. After the wedding refreshments were served. The bride was attired in a white satin decolette dress, after the Italian style of the thirteenth century, with diamond and pearl ornaments, white kid gloves, golden slippers and veil of tulle. The bride left on a late train for New York, to take a steamer for Liverpool Saturday, going thence to Palermo, the former home of the groom. The Italian consul was present at the ceremony, and about half a dozen other friends of the contracting parties. The couple expect ultimately to make their home in Chicago.

It will be remembered that Nina, then a girl in her teens, married by proxy August Spies, the anarchist, after he had been sentenced to death for his share in inciting the anarchist riot. After Spie's death, his widow, almost distracted with the excitement attending her lover's trial and subsequent execution, turned her attention to the study of languages in the hope that it would keep her from dwelling on the terrible ordeal she had passed through. She became an accomplished linguist. About six months ago she became acquainted with Stefano Malato, an Italian journalist. Malato could not speak a word of English, and was naturally attracted by the beautiful young woman who talked his own language so well. Mrs. Spies became interested in Malato, and undertook to help him learn English, and at the same time perfect herself in Malato's native tongue.

Mrs. Spies gives a version of her marriage to the Anarchist that has not been published before. At the time it was generally supposed that she was desperately in love with Spies. She says now, however, that the marringe was made under pressure from her parents and by the advice of Spie's attorneys. They thought that the wedding would throw an atmosphere of romance about the condemned man and secure executive clemency for him and save his life. The girl was then but 17 years old. As every one knows, the sacrifice was made in vain.

Successful Tests Made.

SANDY HOOK, N. J., July 18.—The first of the twelve-inch rifled breech-loading mortars constructed in Providence, R. I., has been successfully tested at the Proving grounds here. Four of these mortars were recently received and tested.

A NEW YORK LEPER.

Terrible Condition of One Chin Hop Sin, Who Has Been Washing Clothes For the Past Few Months.

NEW YORK, July 18.—A Chinese leper has been discovered in an East Side laundry. He is Chin Hop Sing, and when the representative of the health authorities paid him a professional visit he was industriously ironing a shirt. He has been a leper eight months, and seven months of that time he has spent in washing the linen of East Siders.

The health office, after examination, decided that it was a genuine case of leprosy, but say they cannot take the man in charge, because they have no place to take him. Here is the story of the Chinaman:

A year and a half ago when Chin Hop Sing came to this city from San Francisco he was as healthy a dumpy little Chinaman as any one would wish to see. There were, however, queer rumors about him. It was said that Chin Hop Sing had lived with a leprous friend in San Francisco, and he had helped to support him until one day the doctors came and took the friend away. His countrymen shunned him and would hasten out of his way when he approached them. At last he was driven into a miserable room, where only the lowest of the low reside, and where, it is said, other lepers have hidden themselves from public gaze. In that place Hop Sing lived until a fund of $200 was raised to take him back to China. His friends were not actuated by any feelings of kindness or sympathy. They wanted to get him out of the way.

Chin took the money and promised to go away, and he did go away, but only as far as Newark, N. J., where he invested part of his money in a laundry. The place had been kept by Li Chung. Chung was a leper, and in a very bad way with the disease.

The two lepers formed a partnership to make money by washing American clothes. Chung was rapidly growing worse. Hop Sing's malady was just beginning to show itself in the super sensitive blotches which broke out on his back and neck.

The strange partnership did not last very long. Just what broke it up no one knows. Some say that Chung got so bad that he could not work, and that Hop Sing did not want to do all the work.

Chin Hop Sing braved the wrath of the subscribers of the fund and returned to New York. His head had begun to swell. His ears were assuming enormous proportions, and his nose had reached a remarkable size. Besides, his eyelashes had dropped out, and he was getting bald. He went to the laundry of his cousin, Chin En, and demanded admittance.

The cousin was afraid to send him away, so he let him sleep there until morning. When Chin En awoke, and saw how Chin Hop looked, he was terror stricken. He would not stay in the place another hour. He believed it was infested already with the fearful disease. He told the leper he would sell out for $50. The bargain was made, and Chin En has not been seen since.

Chin Hop Sing took possession of the shop immediately, and went right on with the business. He has been washing and ironing clothes there ever since.

The little fat-faced Chinaman, whom the folks in the neighborhood have patronized for the past seven months, is a leper, and he has been in such a bad way recently that he could hardly do the work. For hours at a time he has been compelled to rest. He has found it impossible to get any help, for there was no Chinaman in the city who would work ten minutes for him. Sometimes he would find a strange Chinaman from San Francisco or New Orleans who would work for him, but he would leave as soon as he found what was the matter with his employer.

Death of Gen. Kelly.

OAKLAND, Md., July 18.—Gen. Benjamin F. Kelly, the "hero of Philippi," died at his mountain home, Swan Meadows, last night. He had been suffering for some time from the effects of an old bullet wound in one lung received at Philippi. He was 81 years of age. His remains will be taken to Washington for interment in Arlington cemetery.

THE SALTON LAKE.

Newspaper Men have a Thrilling Journey—The Mystery Settled—Source of the Lake.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 17.—The source of Salton Lake is now settled. The water comes from the Colorado river, and a newspaper party has just come into Salton from Yuma, making the whole distance in a boat. The start was made last Thursday from Yuma. About fifteen miles below Yuma the water poured through many channels into the desert. A bar was forming in the river, and it seems probable that at this point the Colorado will eventually change its channel and throw an immense volume of water into the desert. The water was twelve feet deep in the channel running from the river. There was water all over the country, as far as could be seen, interspersed by innumerable islands covered with trees. This bottom is a great cattle country, but vaqueros now wear life preservers and hard by keep a boat. Soon the party came to the old Butterfield stage road between Yuma and San Diego. It was covered with eighteen feet of water, and the stream was 200 yards wide. On Sunday the party entered New river.

After going through a succession of lakes, through which the main current kept its course, a break was found in the sand hill banks of the stream and it turned abruptly at right angles, flowing due north, while for ten miles back it had been running east. The break was 200 yards wide. The stream was seven feet deep and flowing very swiftly. This is the break that throws water into the desert. After going a short distance ahead that the drowband should refrain from all intervention with papal conclaves, even if the college of cardinals elected the next pope elsewhere than in Rome.

LISBON, July 18.—Mr. Buttenflor, the American minister, has had a conference with the Portugese foreign and finance ministers with reference to a commercial treaty between Portugal and the United States.

Old World Notes.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., July 18.—Lord Jersey, in opening Parliament, announced bills entirely remodeling the electoral law and greatly extending the franchise among citizens, including women. The question of the union of the Australian colonies will be introduced without delay, in order to insure concurrent action by the other colonies.

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RUSSIAN CROPS.

Harvest Prospects Summarized—Jewish Persecution Relaxed in St. Petersburg—Mr. Spurgeon Improving—Foreign Notes.

LONDON, July 20.—The *Times* summarizes the harvest prospects of the world as follows: In Russia there is a grave deficit; the peasants are starving and there is small hope of relief. In India there is serious anxiety. A famine prevails over a considerable portion of the country. Madras, Rajaputna and the Punjale are the worst sufferers. There is drought in Bengal, and the need of more rain is urgent. Bombay alone promises a good harvest. The American harvest will be good in quality and amount; but with the failure of the Indian and Russian supplies, it is of the utmost importance that the English crops shall not be short. The prospect, on the whole, is good. In the chief wheat counties—Essex, Norfolk and Suffolk—the crop is above the average, and in other counties up to the average. The harvest will be late and prices will be high. There is, therefore, a good outlook for the English farmer to break the long series of disastrous years.

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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
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LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

TO BE ADVANCED AUG. 1st TO $4.00

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Gen. BENJ. F. BUTLER, of Massachusetts, - - - President. Hon. JAMES W. HYATT, Late Treasurer of U. S., - Treasurer.

DIRECTORS.

Gen. BENJ. F. BUTLER, of Massachusetts.
Hon. LOGAN H. ROOTS, of Arkansas.
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Hon. JAS. W. HYATT, ex-Treas. of U. S. of Conn.
GEO. C. SCOFIELD, Pres. N. Y. Con. Co. of N.

KANSAS DEMOCRACY.

Sympathy For the People's Party Brings About a Sad State of Affairs—Trouble Ahead.

TOPEKA, Kan., July 17.—The Democratic leaders in Kansas are beginning to realize that in giving support and sympathy to the Peoples' party last fall they were nourishing a viper which would rise up and sting them to the death. Having been in a hopeless minority for a quarter of a century, this new movement which foreshadowed trouble to the Republican party was hailed with joy by the Democratic managers, and while they put a ticket in the field for the various state offices, they knew it would not poll the full party strength, and in their desire to beat the Republicans allowed their own campaign to go by default. When the votes were counted last November the Democratic ticket was hopelessly in the minority, receiving 57,000 votes, as against 107,000 two years prior.

The rank and file of the Democratic party of Kansas were opposed to any combination with the new People's party, which was made up largely of Union Labor advocates, Greenbackers, Socialists and political hacks generally. But a dozen leaders corralled things, organized the committee, and then sold out the party by throwing everything possible to the People's movement.

These leaders felt that if they could retain the control of the party in their hands they would be able to dictate and control the federal appointments in Kansas, should the Democrats win in 1892.

For several months the motive which moved the Democratic State Central committee and other leading Democrats to virtually abandon party organization, and scheme with the People's party to bring about a combination on a Presidential electoral ticket next year, was a profound mystery. Within the past few days, however, the whole matter has been cleared up, and Senator Gorman, of Maryland, appears as the advisor behind the throne.

One of the most prominent Democrats in Kansas says a policy has been outlined by Gorman for Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, and the two Dakotas, whereby the Democrats and People's party leaders were to unite on electoral tickets next year, giving each party an equal number of electors, with the understanding that Gorman was to be a candidate for President, and in the end the beneficiary of the deal, if nominated. Such a combine, it was stated, would sweep the Republicans out of power in all of these states and virtually place them in the Democratic column. The gentleman who gave this information declined to have his name used, but declared that similar negotiations were pending between Gorman and the Democratic committees of the other states named.

When the question of abandoning party organization was suggested to Senator Gorman at a conference held by that gentleman with a number of leading Western Democrats in Washington recently, he is reported as saying that "the organization would be kept intact."

In these states the party would run a ticket; but when it came to nominating electoral tickets the Democrats would name half and the People's party the other half, and then both parties would support the combined whole. When the question of patronage was mentioned, the senator informed those present that the various state committees would control that matter. In this way the half dozen leading Democrats of the various states named would deal out the offices among themselves and to their special friends, while the rank and file would be expected to "say nothing and saw wood."

There is no question but that this programme has been mapped out. About one month since the State Democratic committee met secretly in Kansas City and formulated a circular which has been sent to every county committee urging the Democrats to fuse with the People's party in county elections this fall, and thus lay the foundation for the final overthrow of the Republican party in Kansas in 1892. At the meeting in Kansas City were two high priests of the People's party who sanctioned the action taken.

HE KILLED SITTING BULL.

Red Tomahawk, the Slayer of the Chief, Is Modest About It.

BISMARK, N. D., July 20.—Red Tomahawk, the Indian policeman who killed Sitting Bull last fall, is in this city from Standing Rock Agency, having been subpœnaed as a witness in the illegal liquor selling cases now before the United States commissioners. As soon as the news was noised about Red Tomahawk was all day surrounded by a curious crowd anxious to catch a glimpse and speak a word with the man who gave the famous medicine chief his quietus. Red Tomahawk is a handsome, soldierly looking Indian, over six feet in height, and was well dressed in citizen's clothes. He is unable to speak the white man's tongue, or, like most Indians who have acquired some little familiarity with the English language, refused to say much. He talked only through the medium of an interpreter, and then very little. When asked if he was the man who killed Sitting Bull he nodded an assent with a grunt. He is famed for making the fastest time on record on horseback, which took place at the time of Sitting Bull's conflict with the Indian police, when he made the remarkable speed of 35 miles in one hour to bring news of the battle to the soldiers at the garrison. The horse fell dead upon his arrival. It is said that an attempt will be made by Eastern speculators to place Red Tomahawk on exhibition. He is a most quiet and unassuming redskin and is unlike the general run of his red brethren in disdaining to parade himself before the public as a hero.

ARE PAYING OFF THE INDIANS.

Nearly $400,000 Will Be Distributed Among the Sissetons and Wahpetons.

BROWNS VALLEY, July 18.—Payments have been commenced to the 1,724 Sisseton and Wahpeton Indians on the reservation west of here. Disbursing Agent Elrod by Friday night had made out checks amounting to about $10,000, and within a week the whole $370,000 will be distributed. This amount gives $215 to every individual, man, woman or child. Some draw money only for themselves, while one man draws for 16, a total of $3,433. The average will be from 4 to 8 in a family.

All the Indians are encamped within a mile of the agency, in different directions. They are paying up their numerous debts as fast as they receive their money, and $10,000 will be deposited here within a week.

There is some excitement over the attempt to reserve 1 per cent from all the Indians for Gen. Sanborn, as only about two-thirds signed contracts to pay this amount to him for securing the passage of the bill. His opponents are appealing to the department for instructions to compel Elrod to pay the full amount to those who did not sign the contract. So far only those who did sign are being paid.

Moonshiners Captured.

ST. LOUIS, July 17.—Deputy United States Marshalls Nail and McCune returned yesterday evening from a nine-days' trip in the wilds of Southeast Missouri, where they have been hunting among the bayous, lagoons and canebrakes for moonshiners. As trophies of their success they brought back with them two prisoners by the name of Theodore and Thomas Patton, captured on what is known in that section as Cowskin Bayou, located in the lower part of Pemiscot county. The prisoners confess to selling illicit whisky, but deny that they manufactured.

Exploded the Magazine.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., July 18.—Two men employed at Rock Springs mines exploded the company's magazine by shooting at a mark on it. Half a ton of blasting powder and 500 pounds of dynamite blew up, killing both men and badly wrecking the mining camp. A number of women and children were injured by falling glass and furniture.

An Unfounded Report.

CHICAGO, Sept. 16.—Gen. Miles to-day received dispath from Major Powell, whom he had directed to make an investigation into the alleged threatening attitude of the Indians in northern Minnesota, that the report was without foundation in fact, and that they were perfectly peaceable.

MONEY IN SUGAR BEETS

Profitable Crop of Nebraska Farmers—The Outlook Propitious for a Big Harvest.

NORFOLK, Neb., July 20.—(Special.)—The sugar beet factory at Norfolk is rapidly advancing to completion. Over 100 carloads of machinery have been received, mostly imported from Europe, but the boilers were made in this country. The estimated expense is $500,000. Over 2,300 acres are in beet cultivation, and much of the crop is now laid by. The frequent rains since June 1 have greatly retarded thinning and weeding. Over 200 hands have been kept steadily at work when the weather would permit. The stand is good, and it is stated that at an average of one pound to a beet the yield in good fields will be 34 tons per acre. At $4 a ton this moderate estimate will make it a very paying crop.

So encouraged is Mr. Oxford that he offers to duplicate the factory in case the people at Norfolk will guarantee 5,000 acres of beets in 1892. The effect on business prospects in the city is very marked. All vacant houses are filled, and good wages are paid every man, woman and child that has a mind to work. Common field hands receive $1.50 to $2 a day. An electric railroad from the city to the factory is to be constructed. Grass, small grain, vegetables and flax never looked better. Corn is now growing very rapidly, and should frost hold off a fair crop may be relied upon. In the region directly west of Sioux City, or along the Pacific Short Line and the recent extension from Randolph to the center of the east half of Knox county, Neb., an immense area has been broken and sowed in flax, and such an universally good stand was never secured before—some fields containing from 100 to 600 acres.

Millet is also sown in large quantities, and, like flax, looks unusually well. No violent storms have occurred. Farmers feel happy, and it is hoped that the winter of their discontent is over. The occupation of the calamity shrieker is past. If what they have is carefully saved, and the surplus wisely disposed of, they will find but little occasion for special farmer legislation, or an attempt to tinker the currency and coin. Cash, in gold or its equivalent, will be paid on all that they have for sale.

EXTENSIVE SEIZURES OF WHISKY.

Irregularities Unearthed by Revenue Officers in St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 18.—United States revenue officers, sent direct from Washington, have been on a still hunt here for some time. As a result they have made extensive seizures of whisky belonging to the Nelson Distilling company, Teuscher & Co., A. Scharf, John Bordenheimer and several well-known liquor houses, and before to-night, when the raid will cease, a dozen or more firms will have become involved.

The grounds upon which the seizures are being made, as reported from the office of the United States revenue collector, are the changing and defacing of the government brands and marks upon barrels of whisky sold to retail customers, and discrepancy in the proof of the whisky after its proof had been stamped and certified to by the government.

The liquor dealers state that these issues have been made on purely technical grounds, inasmuch as not the slightest attempted fraud against the government can be shown. The matter will be carried to the courts in November, the test case against the government being brought by John Bordenheimer.

SECRETARY BLAINE ALMOST WELL.

Firmly Convinced That He Will Recover by September.

BOSTON, July 15.—A reporter of the Boston *Traveller* secured an interview with Mr. Blaine at Bar Harbor yesterday, and his report to be published this evening, bears out previous statements to the effect that the secretary of State has simply been suffering from overwork and nervous trouble, and that he is rapidly recovering.

The reporter says his face shows no traces of disease, but bears the pleasant, sunny expression of a man in the vigor of good health. His eyes was clear and bright and his grip cordial and without tremor. There was no evidence on which to hinge a suspicion that Mr. Blaine had any organic disease, and he found the statesman looking much better than he has appeared in Boston for several years.

He eats everything he desires, barring pastry, weighs 183, his normal weight; takes a great deal of exercise, and transacts the routine affairs of state, dictating and signing letters. He takes absolutely no medicine. So firmly convinced are Mr. Blaine and the family of his permanent recovery, that September 24 or 25 has been set as the date when he will return to Washington to assume the full and active duties of his department again.

IN MOURNING FOR SENATOR ROSS.

The Cherokee Nation Loses One of Its Most Prominent Members.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 21.—A special from Tallequah, I. T., says: The Cherokee nation is in mourning for the death of her leading statesman, Senator W. H. Ross, who died very suddenly yesterday morning of heart disease at his home in Fort Gibson.

Senator Ross was a half-breed about 68 years of age and was educated at Princeton college by his uncle, Chief John Ross. He entered public life at the age of 22 and has held almost every office in the gift of the Nation from chief down. He was a lieutenant colonel during the war in the confederate army. He was a brilliant orator and a leader of the national party. All business in this city has been suspended by proclamation of the mayor.

KOCH'S STAR WILL RISE AGAIN.

The Eminent German Physician Has Made Another Discovery.

PHILADELPHIA, July 20.—The star of Dr. Koch, the great physician, whose discovery of an anti-consumption lymph, set the world a-wondering only a few months ago, is soon to rise again. Dr. Ernest LaPlace, of the Medico Chirurgical College, said that within a very short time the world will hear again from Koch, that he will make an important scientific revelation, and that it will be proved that he is on the right road toward a cure for consumption.

This statement from Dr. LaPlace is of the utmost importance, for he keeps fully informed of all that transpires in the studies and laboratories of European scientists and enjoys as well a close personal acquaintance with Dr. Koch.

Value of the Windom Estate.

WINONA, Minn., July 15.—The appraisal of the estate of Hon. William Windom, deceased, was filed yesterday. The summary shows: Real estate, $89,834; furniture and household goods, $2,300; wearing apparel and ornaments, $1,000; stocks in banks and corporations, $41,601; all mortgage bonds, notes and written evidence of debts, $3,115; total, $198,700. The real estate includes a half interest in the Windom block, Minneapolis, $50,000; 2,240 acres in Traill county, N. D., $10,440; 820 acres of coal lands in Virginia, $20,783, and small pieces of land in Hennepin county, Laredo and Becker county, Minn. The heaviest stock investment is 1,000 shares of West Virginia Central & Pittsburg railway stock and bonds of the same road valued at $15,000. Several other investments are, with one exception, under $5,000.

EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, of whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous or hereditary, is speedily, permanently and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of blood purifiers and humor remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing, and instantaneous effacy.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c

33 per ct. difference.

Royal Baking Powder,

Strongest, Purest, Most Economical.

Certain baking powder makers are publishing falsified extracts from the Government reports, with pretended analyses and certificates, wherein an attempt is made to compare their baking powders with the "Royal," or making bogus tests from house to house, their obvious purpose being to counteract the recent exposures of the inferiority of their own goods arising from their impurity, low strength, and lack of keeping qualities as shown by the Government chemists and others.

As to whether any of these baking powders are equal to the "Royal," the official tests clearly determine. When samples of various baking powders were purchased from the grocers, and analyzed by the United States Government Chemists and the Chemists of State and City Boards of Health, the reports revealed the fact that the "Royal" contained from 28 per cent. to 60 per cent. more leavening strength than any other cream of tartar baking powder and also that it was more perfectly made, of purer ingredients, and altogether wholesome.

As these powders are sold to consumers at the same price, by the use of the Royal Baking Powder there is an average saving of over one third, besides the advantage of assured purity and wholesomeness of food, and of bread, biscuit and cake made perfectly light, sweet, and palatable—advantages not to be had in the use of the low grade, cheaply made baking powders that contain lime, alum, and other impurities.

RIOT IN TENNESSEE.

Threatening Situation in Tennessee Brought About by an Attempt to Operate Coal Mines With Convicts.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 16.—An attempt to operate the coal mines at Braceville, in Anderson county, has led to serious trouble. The mines at Braceville, which is only about four miles from Coal Creek, have always been operated with free labor, but were abandoned some time ago because of the fact that owing to the price of labor, as the owners say, there was no money in them for the owners of the mines. The Braceville mines are owned by the Knoxville Iron company, which now leases the men at the Coal Creek branch prison.

A short while since this company made a contract with the lessees of the state prison to mine coal at Braceville at so much per ton, and ten days ago a squad of thirty or forty men was sent on there under charge of Messrs. Goodwin & Spencer and have been engaged in building a stockade, the intention being to send about 120 additional men to the mine as soon as the stockade was completed.

It is unnecessary to more than refer to the feeling that exists among free miners toward convict labor and those utilizing it. The free labor of the state is unalterably opposed to the leasing of convict labor. The indignation and resentment culminated Tuesday night in the convicts and their guards being driven from the field. Governor Buchanan received the following telegram:

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., July 15.

Governor Buchanan, Nashville:

A mob of 300 armed men overpowered the guards at the new prison last night and forced the lesees to carry convicts on to Knoxville. The sheriff says he is unable to protect the men. Two or more military companies needed at once. Situation serious. You had better come and bring military companies from Middle Tennessee. Answer. (Signed) E. B. WADE, Supt.

Governor Buchanan sent the following telegram in reply:

E. B. WADE, Knoxville:—Let the sheriff of Anderson county ask for aid if he is unable to preserve order and enforce the law.

(Signed.) JOHN H. BUCHANAN, Governor.

He also telegraphed the sheriff of Anderson county at Clifton, as follows:

Can you enforce law against mob? Do you need the military?

(Signed.) JOHN H. BUCHANAN, Governor.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 16.—Gov. Buchanan and Col. Granville Sevier left the city at 8:45 o'clock last night, for Briceville, where, yesterday morning, 300 armed free laborers drove the convicts and guards from the Tennessee Coal and Mining company's mine.

During last evening Adjt. Gen. Norman telegraphed the Lookout Mountain guards and Moerlin Zouaves of Chattanooga, and Knoxville rifles to be in readiness. Capt. Woodford replied for the Lookout Mountain guards, stating they would have forty-five men under arms. Capt. Semmes, of the Moerlin Zouaves answered, putting the number of available men at 40. Capt. Patton of the Knoxville rifles said he had 40 men under arms. Two extra coaches will be attached to the morning train out of Chattanooga.

The Stone river guards and the Washington artillery have been ordered to be in readiness. They will take the trains with ammunition went down on the train with the governor last night.

BRICEVILLE, Tenn., July 21.—The long expected crisis between the striking miners and the militia was brought about yesterday, when the miners and a crowd of sympathizers from the surrounding country gathered around the camp of the state militia and captured the troops and convicts, marched them off to the depot and put them on a train and shipped them to Knoxville.

Gov. Buchanan's administration is that of the Alliance and some of the politicians are discussing what the Alliance will do, but the great mass of citizens say the law must be observed and that Gov. Buchanan must enforce the law regardless of cost.

The sentiment here is that he must send all the state troops, who are few and poorly organized, to the front at once, and put experienced men and officers in charge. If he has not force enough he must call for volunteers.

The Miners in Possession.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 21.—The *Banner* has the following special from Nashville, Tenn.:

At Coal Creek, since Sunday night until 7 o'clock this morning, the telegraph wires have been in the hands of the miners, and nothing has been sent out except such as they allowed the operator to send.

Last night and this morning there are rumors that a large military force is coming to reinstate the convicts, but no one here knows the truth. There is much concern. There is great hatred of Governor Buchanan, and threats are openly made that it will not do for him to return here.

Owing to the fact that the telegraph office is in the possession of the miners it is difficult to obtain prompt and accurate service from the seat of trouble.

Special telegrams from Coal Creek and Briceville are sent by train to Knoxville, as the miners will not permit news detrimental to them to be sent from those points.

They Must Starve or Leave Their Homes if the Convicts are Allowed to Stay.

COAL CREEK, Tenn., July 21.—"We are determined to move the convicts," said a miner to a press representative. "Many of us have property, and if the convicts are allowed to remain we will have to leave our homes."

"There has been much talk about the miners that is untrue. There are about 1,200 or 1,500 miners at Coal Creek who are working all right. Those at Briceville, which is connected with Coal Creek, wanted to elect a check-weighman, which the state law says plainly we shall have if we desire. Then the operators shut down the mines. The mines that don't want convicts are the Black Diamond, Coal Creek and the Royal.

"The operators wanting convicts are the Tennessee Mining company and the Knoxville Iron company. If we allow convicts to work in these mines we will be forced to dig coal at a reduced price. None of the guards or troops have been fired upon. We want the good will of the country, for there are women and children in need of bread at Briceville. It has been three or four weeks since there has been any work there."

PARIS, July 20.—The strike of the railroad employes in this city has collapsed. Most of the men have already resumed work, though some stations and workshops are still guarded by troops.

OHIO DEMOCRATS.

The Platform Pledges the Party to Free Trade, Free Silver and Free Whisky—Campbell Renominated After a Tussle.

The Ohio Democratic state convention met at Cleveland on July 14 and 15. The platform declares in favor of free silver coinage; for a tariff for revenue only; in favor of a graded increase tax in Ohio; and has a plank which is interpreted to mean free whisky and open Sunday saloons. Governor Campbell, James E. Neal, of Chillicothe, and Virgil P. Kline, of Cleveland, were candidates for nomination for governor. Campbell was nominated on the first ballot. The rest of the ticket is:

For Attorney General—John P. Bailey, of Hamilton county.

For State Treasurer—C. F. Ackerman, of Mansfield.

For Judge of the Supreme Court—Gustavus H. Wald, of Hamilton county.

For Commissioner of Common Schools—Charles C. Miller, of Erie county.

For Member Board Public Works—John McNamara, of Summit county.

For Member Food and Dairy Commission—H. S. Mumm, of Lawrence county.

Immediately after the convention adjourned the new State Central committee met at the Hollenden and organized. Sixteen of the members were present. There seemed to be a desire on the part of the Campbell men, who were in control, to defer the permanent organization until next week. After considerable discussion, during which Orator Vance, of Gallion, made several speeches, it was finally agreed to organize at once and, of course, the Campbell slate went through with a rush. H. J. Sr. Norton, of Tiffin, was made temporary chairman. Only one contest was decided and it did not appear to be a serious one. The Tenth district delegations had a lively row on Tuesday night over the selection of committeeman.

ARE ANXIOUS FOR PROTECTION.

Minnesota Settlers Apprehensive of Violence Among the Indians.

PRINCETON, Minn., July 18.—Benjamin Carter is down from the Mille Lac Lake country, on his way to St. Paul, to interview Gov. Merriam in behalf of settlers at Mille Lac lake. Mr. Carter carries a petition signed by a large majority of all the settlers on the lake, asking the governor to use his influence in favor of the settlers, of which there are over 300, many of them women.

Land has been declared open for settlement, and and three towns have been organized, with full boards of town officers. The Indians are ugly, and threaten to kill the first white man that attempts to cut an acre of hay on the reservation. The settlers are determined to harvest the hay crop on their claims, and there is danger of serious trouble. The situation is serious, and if prompt measures are not taken there is liable to be bloodshed.

SUED THE SOUTH FORK CLUB.

$50,000 Asked for the Loss of a Husband in the Johnstown Flood.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 18.—The counsel for Mrs. Nancy W. Little has filed a statement in her suit against the South Fork Fishing and Hunting club of Pittsburg. Mrs. Little, in behalf of herself and eight children, asks for $50,000 damages for the death of her husband, John A. Little, who was lost in the Johnstown flood. Mr. Little was a traveling salesman, and at the time of the disaster was a guest at the Hulbert House, Johnstown.

The South Fork club, it is charged, is responsible for the flood by reason of the negligent and unskilful manner in which the dam at South Fork was constructed. The sluice was not sufficient to allow the water to flow through, and the dam was not capable of holding back the great body of water accumulated above it.

Fire in Lynn, Mass.

LYNN, Mass., July 18.—Fire broke out in the third story of Blake's brick block at 9:50 last night, and in 20 minutes had spread to the five-story brick block adjoining, owned by Strout Bros., and threatened the entire street for a distance of 200 feet. A general alarm was sounded and aid called from adjoining towns and cities. The Strout and Black blocks were in ruins at 10:30. The Currier building, a magnificent five-story brick building, once before gutted by fire, caught several times, but the blaze was quickly controlled. At 10:30 a large part of the Strout block walls fell on the Almont street side and the flames, darting up, caught once more, and in a moment the upper story of the Currier block was in flames and fully half the roof. The block is owned by B. W. Currier, and with the stock in the clothing store of W. H. Currier & Co., on the first floor, is valued at $120,000; insured for $80,000.

It is estimated that the loss on the two blocks destroyed and that of the Currier block, partially burned, together with contents will reach nearly $300,000. The destroyed Blake block marked the boundary of the big 1889 fire on Union street, and at time received a severe scorching.

Another Bill for Ireland.

LONDON, July 21.—During the debate on the Irish estimates in the House of Commons, Balfour, the chief secretary of Ireland, intimated that a local government bill for Ireland, based broadly on the same lines as the English and Scotch acts, will be introduced at the next session. He asked whether such a bill would have the support of the Irish members, adding that he doubted it. T. M. Healy interpoling, said that such a bill certainly would have the support of the Irish members.

Alabama World's Fair Association.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 16.—A Montgomery, Ala., special says: The central committee appointed by the president of the World's Fair convention, held in this city in May, met here yesterday and organized the Alabama World's Fair association with a capital stock of $500,000. W. C. Bibb, jr., of Montgomery, secretary and treasurer; E. P. Barron, of Birmingham, council general. Funds will be raised by popular subscription, the value of shares being placed at $1 each.

Trouble at An End.

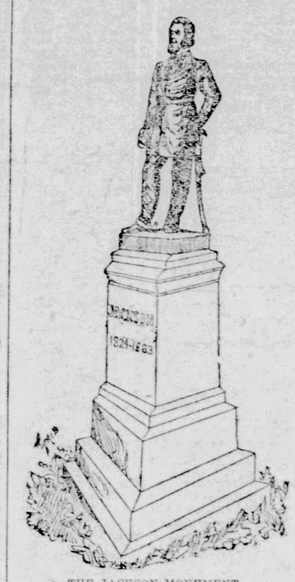
FLAGSTAFF, Ariz., July 18.—Trouble with the Navajos is an end. The Indian chief arrested has had his examination, and as there was not sufficient evidence to hold him on a charge of horse stealing he has been discharged, and has returned to the reservation.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Immense Crowds Gather to Pay Homage to the Memory of the Famous Idol of the Southland.

LEXINGTON, Va., July 21.—This is the thirteenth anniversary of the first battle of Manassas and Lexington, the quiet, peaceful little agricultural village, in which was spent the lifetime of Stonewall Jackson, the most picturesque figure of all the notable men of the Southern confederacy, and bright and bustling with life and color, while ten thousand strangers are assembled within its environs to participate in the exercises incident to the unveiling of a monument symbolic of the esteem and veneration felt for the great soldier, whose brilliant career was cut short in the height of his fame.

The crowd of admirers of the great general began arriving Saturday, and yesterday when a number of the leading survivors of Jackson's command gave a



THE JACKSON MONUMENT.

banquet at the Virginia Military Institute, in which Jackson was one of the professors at the breaking out of the war, the town was full of veterans.

The decorations of the houses are profuse and some of them beautiful, consisting of long streamers of confederate state flags and battle flags, set off with the National colors. Lee's mausoleum is wrapped in evergreens and cut flowers and never looked more handsome.

The section room at the barrack of the Virginia military Institute used by Jackson when a professor there has attracted thousands of admirers. Entering the room on one side is a pyramid of potted flowers growing up to three feet high near the chair occupied by Gen. Jackson as an instructor, the chair being garlanded in flowers in front of a simple pine table. To the left a blackboard bearing the inscription: "He fought a good fight." To the front a stand of guns, with the marker's flag of the regiment. On another blackboard was written: "Lieut.-Gen. Jackson's body laid in state in this tower May 14, 1863." Next to this is the printed order of his funeral exercises at that time. On another blackboard is the inscription: "Elected to the chair of experimental philosophy and military tactics, 1851." To the right of the professor's chair were three rows of plain bench seats, suggestive of recitation hours. The whole was simple but exceedingly impressive.

The statue stands in a circle in the center of the city cemetery on Main street, a square containing about four acres of ground, well set off with giant trees, which hide the statue from view except in the rear. The site is a slight mound crowning an elevation overlooking the surrounding country and commanding a good view of rich, rolling hills and valleys. The sculptor is a Virginian, Edward V. Valentine, who designed the Lee monument. The statue is of bronze, heroic in size and portrays Jackson with uncovered head leaning on his sword and left leg and looking out upon a field of battle. In the right hand at his side is a field glass. The figure is clad in the full uniform of a confederate lieutenant-general with the gold lace on the sleeves distinctly visible, and with heavy military boots and spurs. The carriage is easy and the attitude is one of close observation with the right foot advanced, ready and alert for instant vigorous action. The scabbard of the sword upon which the gauntleted left hand rests, bears the letters "U S," a historical fact, as it was modeled from Jackson's own sword. The statue proper measures eight feet and surmounts a granite pedestal, and a half, both being on a base course, die and capital. On one face the die bears the inscription "Jackson 1824–1863," and on another the single word "Stonewall," the sobriquet given Jackson by his chief, Gen. Lee. Beneath the pedestal is a vault containing six sepulchre chambers, surrounded by a circular grass plat, around which is a driveway with approaches. The general effect of the structure is imposing, and the statue is considered to be a good representation of the great soldier.

Mrs. Jackson, in an interview with an Associated Press reporter to day, said: "It is strange that I have not yet seen the statue. I missed Mr. Valentine in Richmond and also in New York, and have not had an opportunity to see it here. Still, from expressions of opinion of Prof. J. J. White and Capt. John C. Bonds and others who knew Jackson well, I am satisfied that it does him justice." Old soldiers who followed Jackson through the war are pleased with the statue.

The Exercises.

The programme of exercises provided that the proceedings of the day should begin at 10 o'clock, but owing to the confusion caused by the presence of so many people it was considerably later than that time when the procession was ready to move. The parade ground of the Virginia Military Institute was the place of formation, which was under the direction of Chief Marshal General James A. Walker, of Wythe, Va., the only surviving commander of the Stonewall brigade.

The staff was followed by the Stonewall band with twenty pices leading the Rock Bridge (Va.) battery, under Col. Wm. T. Poague, with the guns the battery operated under Gen. Jackson at the first battle of Manassas. The guns belong to the Virginia military institute, and before the war broke out the cadets received instruction in their use from the hero of Chancellorsville.

The procession first moved to the campus of the Washington and Lee university and halted about a platform. The Rev. Dr. H. C. Hopkins, of West Virginia, who, as chaplain of the Second Virginia regiment, was with Jackson in nearly all of his fights, opened the ceremonies with prayer.

Gen. Wade Hampton introduced the orator of the day, Gen. Jubal A. Early, and Col. Thomas M. Simmes, who read two poems entitled "Stonewall Jackson's Way," and "Over the River."

Gen. Early's oration and the other exercises took some time. The procession re-formed as soon as the proceedings at the stand were over and marched to the cemetery in which the statue stands. There little Julia Jackson Christian, from an elevated platform, pulled the cords which sustained the veil over the statue and exposed it to view, while the Rock Bridge battery fired a salute.

Feast Days Don't Go.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—The bureau of American Republis is informed that the government of Peru has issued a supreme decree declaring that religious feast days shall no longer interfere with the loading and unloading and the dispatch of vessels in the harbors of that republic. The sailing schedules of the steamships were very much interfered with by the frequency of feast days on which the custom houses were closed and the roustabouts refused to work. Some times there were as many as four feast days in a week, which greatly interfered with business.

PAUPERS IN ALMS HOUSES.

Statistics from the Census Office Giving the Total Number of Dependents by States.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—The census office has issued a bulletin on the subject of paupers in alms houses in 1890, which shows a total of 73,045, as against 66,203 in 1880. These are divided according to sex and color as follows: Number of males, white, 37,887; number of males, colored, 3,354; number of females, white, 26,191; number of females, colored, 1,113. In the number of colored persons given above are included 16 male and 30 female Indians and 12 male and 1 female Chinese.

The ratio of almshouse paupers to the total population was 1 to 768. The present ratio is 1 to 857. This is a very marked relative decrease. The almshouse system is not keeping pace with the growth of the population at large. The decline in the ratio is due to the very much smaller number of paupers cared for in almshouses in the North Atlantic division, where there has been not only a relative but an absolute decrease in the number.

In respect to nativity, not including the colored paupers, who may all be supposed to be natives except the thirteen Chinese, of the 66,378 white paupers 39,536 are native born, 27,048 foreign born, and the place of birth of 2,264 is unknown.

The numerical order of the states according to the number of paupers in almshouses reported in each of them, is as follows: New York, 10,272; Pennsylvania, 8,653; Ohio, 7,400; Illinois, 5,395; Massachusetts, 4,723; Indiana, 2,927; New Jersey, 2,718, Wisconsin, 2,641; California, 2,600; Missouri, 2,378; Virginia, 2,133; Michigan, 1,916, Iowa, 1,621; Maryland, 1,599; Kentucky, 1,578; Tennessee, 1,545; North Carolina, 1,493; Connecticut, 1,488; Maine, 1,161; New Hampshire, 1,143; Georgia, 901; West Virginia, 782; Alabama, 631; Kansas, 563; South Carolina, 578; Vermont, 543; Mississippi, 494; Rhode Island, 490; Texas, 464; Minnesota, 363; Delaware, 299; Nebraska, 291; Arkansas, 223; District of Columbia, 221; Montana, 132; Louisiana, 122; Oregon, 92; Colorado, 87; Washington, 71; Utah, 62; South Dakota, 53; Nevada, 43; North Dakota, 35; Florida, 24; Arizona, 23; Idaho, 20; New Mexico, 1.

The number of out-door poor, meaning by that phrase the poor who are permanently supported at public expense at their own homes or with private families, is stated to be approximately 24,220.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—Gold exports have been practically ceased. All that went out last week was $300,000, sent on a peremptory order from Berlin. Money has been plenty, and the inquiry of it was not large. The feature of the week's loans was the close scrutiny of collaterals by lenders, and the efforts to borrow money on low-grade securities. These were stocks which do not find a ready sale at all times, and are therefore undesirable at the present time. To illustrate the difference the quality of the security makes in loans, one for 90 days was made at 6 per cent, secured by undesirable collateral, and a commission on the collateral was also paid; while similar loans for the same time were made at 4¼ per cent on good stock exchange collateral. Call loans ranged from 3 to 1¾ per cent, averaging 2. Time loans, on first class collateral, were made at 4 per cent for 60 days, 4¼ for 90 days, 5 for four months, and 5¼@6 per cent for five and six months.

The buying of wheat for export was large during the latter part of the week and ocean freights for grain are strong. It is reported that 200 steamers have been engaged to load with grain at Atlantic and Gulf ports and at Montreal between now and November 1.

STOCKS.—Speculation on the New York Stock Exchange is so completely dormant that the fluctuations in prices hardly have any interest or possess any significance. The outlook as to crops continues favorable, reports of railway earnings for the first week of July are especially good, and the situation as to rates is quite encouraging. Nevertheless, there is little buying of stocks either here or abroad, and the general public holds entirely aloof. The market for bonds also remains dull. HENRY CLEWS says:

The home influences affecting the stock market show no material changes. No variations in the wheat crop have arisen to modify the original estimates of output. The railroads maintain the late rate of earnings. Money continues to flow hither from the interior, though in smaller volume, and the banks keep up their reserves at about double the surplus of the last two years; while the exports of gold seem to have virtually ceased. Of this the outlook is entirely favorable to a recovery of activity at a later stage.

SILVER.—The market for bars, both in New York and London, hardened a little during last week, quotations advancing ⅝d. per ounce to 46⅜d., or 5⅝c. to 10 1-16c. The London market, however, continued to be slightly below our own, and the demand there is mainly for continental account. Indian exchange is inactive again, and a decline of 1-16d. per rupee in the allotments of council bills indicates that the annual movement movement of silver to the East has not yet begun to affect the market. The speculation in bullion certificates at New York was somewhat more active at an advance proportionate to that in bars. The amount of bullion on hand at New York against certificates outstanding is 5,402,000 ounces. The closing price of bar silver in New York on Saturday was $1.00¾ per ounce, at which rate the silver in the standard dollar was worth 77¾ cents.

DUN'S REPORT OF BUSINESS.

A Solid Groundwork of Confidence Under the Midsummer Dullness.

NEW YORK, July 18.—R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade says: Business clearly shows somewhat more active, though midsummer dullness is still the rule. At eastern cities there is noticed more demand for manufactured goods, with large sales for materials. At the west trade is enlivened by the large yield of winter wheat already harvested, and by the very bright outlook for all other crops. At the south, however, the crop advices are also favorable, but no improvement appears in business, which is duller than usual even for the season, and at some points is pronounced unsatisfactory.

The general confidence is strengthened by the financial news from Europe which indicates that the disturbance of the money markets from that quarter need not now be feared, and by the change in the foreign trade of this country, which points to a material reduction of balances payable abroad in specie. Imports at New York have sharply declined since July 1, amounting to $4,800,000, or 18 per cent less than for the same weeks last year. On the other hand exports of domestic products as this point show an increase thus far this month of $3,324,000, or nearly 33 per cent in the same weeks last year.

Receipts of wheat, dressed beef, wool and hides at Chicago show a great increase, and new wheat comes in liberally, 35 per cent of it grading No. 2. At other northwestern points without exception, excellent crop prospects are noted as promising improvement.

The collapse in wheat speculation has come, with a fall of 8c during the past week, but corn is scarce and 3½c higher, while oats have declined about 1c. Pork and hog products are higher, coffee has risen a quarter and oil the same, but cotton is unchanged, and the general course of prices has been downward, as is natural this season, the fall during the past week having averaged nearly three-fourths of 1 per cent.

The business failures throughout the country during the last seven days number 274, as compared with a total of 247 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 207.

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THE DAY IN WALL STREET

Closing Prices of Stocks in Wall Street To-day.

WALL STREET, July 1.—11 a. m.—The stock market opened this morning with a continuation of yester